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MARCH 1944

# The American Mercury

WILL STALIN DICTATE AN EASTERN MUNICH?

William Henry Chamberlin

FIRST LADY TO THE COMMON MAN

Virginia Pasley

BEHIND THE ARGENTINE CRISIS

Allen Haden

CONGRESS MUST BE REORGANIZED

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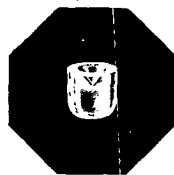
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(Continued on page 375)

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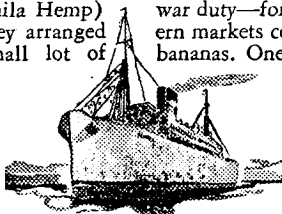
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# *The American* MERCURY

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## WILL STALIN DICTATE AN EASTERN MUNICH?

BY WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

THE word Munich has come to possess a disreputable connotation to the American mind. Associated with Hitler's dictated settlement, at the end of September 1938, under which Czechoslovakia was dismembered, it carries a suggestion of weakness and futility for the democracies. For Munich did not buy "peace in our time." It only gained a precarious respite of less than a year.

One would imagine that when another dictator seems to be preparing a huge land grab, this time in Eastern Europe, by the familiar pre-Munich methods, American

public opinion would be alert and resentful. Unfortunately this is not the case. The average American, even if reasonably well educated, is unfamiliar with the history, ethnology and international relations of Eastern Europe. And he has been subjected to a tremendous drumfire of propaganda on behalf of Stalin's territorial claims.

In view of Poland's heroic struggle against Nazi tyranny, first with arms, then with underground methods, the "smear Poland" campaign that has been going on in many quarters is a disgrace to American intelligence and Ameri-

---

WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN *is one of the foremost students of Russian history and politics. His books include Soviet Russia, Russia's Iron Age, Collectivism — A False Utopia and the recently published The Russian Enigma.*

can fair play. One need hold no brief for pre-war Poland — whose policies were often reactionary and whose behavior towards minority races was often high-handed — to question Moscow's current pretensions. After all, Poland at its worst offered more freedom and human rights than the Soviet dictatorship next door at its best. The relative merits of the *régimes*, however, are beside the point. The issue is whether law, justice, the principles embodied in the Atlantic Charter and the international morality for which the United Nations are fighting shall be swept aside arbitrarily by any one of them; whether negotiation or arbitrary decisions by the strong shall determine frontiers and governments.

I shall point out later a number of the gross factual inaccuracies, surest sign of a weak case, that have been put into circulation to justify Stalin's claims to annex the eastern part of Poland, all of Latvia, Lithuania and Estonia, and parts of Finland. I leave Bessarabia out of consideration, because the Soviet case here is somewhat stronger. The Soviet government never recognized the legality of the Rumanian seizure of Bessarabia, although it did sign a non-aggression convention with Rumania and other states on July 3, 1933, that should

have barred resort to force in recovering the disputed province.

But the record is quite different as regards Poland, the Baltic Republics and Finland. Here there is not a shred of moral or legal validity for the Soviet annexationist claims. These can only be maintained by superior brute force.

## II

It is often misleadingly asserted that Poland "took" from Russia by violent and felonious means the territory which Stalin now demands as Russian. This is entirely untrue.

The great majority of Russian socialists and liberals always recognized that the partitions of Poland toward the end of the eighteenth century, of which Russia had been the chief beneficiary, were an international crime and that Poland was entitled to an independent national existence. On the question of where the frontier should be drawn, however, there was room for considerable difference of opinion. There is no line on the map of Eastern Europe where one could say that "Poland" ends and "Russia" begins.

Up to the Bug River the population is almost solidly Polish. Between the Bug and the pre-war

Polish frontier the racial composition of the people is extremely mixed. The number of Russians in the area annexed by the Soviet Government in agreement with the Nazi Government in 1939 is negligible. The latest available census figures show the following distribution of population in the part of Poland which was occupied by the Red Army from 1939 to 1941: Poles, 5,250,000; Ukrainians, 4,500,000; White Russians, 1,000,000; Jews, 1,100,000; Russians, 130,000; miscellaneous smaller groups, 500,000. Moscow's claims in this area rest primarily on the criminal Czarist partition of Poland more than 150 years ago and the no less criminal partition by Hitler and Stalin in 1939.

A good deal of nonsense has been talked about the so-called Curzon Line. Radio commentators and columnists who until a year ago never heard of that line now declaim glibly on the subject, accepting as fact a wholly propagandist version. They represent the Curzon Line as a Polish ethnographic frontier, which it is not; or as an impartially prescribed Polish political frontier, which it is not. In addition, the impression is being conveyed that the Soviet annexation in 1939 stopped at that line, which is also untrue. In the North the

Soviet invaders occupied districts west of the Curzon Line and overwhelmingly Polish to boot.

The truth of the matter is this: A temporary Russo-Polish demarcation line, roughly coinciding with the course of the Bug River, was proposed by the Supreme Allied Council on December 8, 1919. It was a *minimum*, not a maximum Polish frontier, stating specifically that it did not prejudice Polish rights and claims further east. It was accepted by the Poles only as an armistice line, and not accepted by the Russians at all. It came to be known as the Curzon Line later, because in the summer of 1920 Lord Curzon, as British Foreign Secretary, intervening in the Russo-Polish war, suggested the Allied Council line of 1919 as *an armistice demarcation line* for the armies.

The Soviet Government, declining the Curzon proposal in favor of direct settlement with Poland, made the significant admission that as a permanent border the Curzon Line was exceedingly unfavorable to Poland. Soviet propaganda at the time emphasized that Moscow would be willing to give Poland more generous terms than those proposed by "the Western imperialists."<sup>1</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Temperly, *History of the Peace Conference at Paris*; Harold Nicholson, *Curzon: the Last Phase*, page 205.

What Lenin had in mind, of course, was a Soviet Poland. After the crack-up of Imperial Germany in 1918, Red forces had pressed westward in the hope of Bolshevizing as much of Europe as possible. As the Polish national armies became stronger and the main military effort of the Soviets was concentrated against the anti-Soviet forces of Kolchak and Denikin, the Poles had repulsed the Red troops and advanced eastward. By the spring of 1920 the Polish armies were holding a line somewhat to the east of the frontier that was subsequently agreed on at Riga. It is entirely inaccurate to say that Poland conquered this territory during its war with Russia in 1920. It could have obtained a more favorable frontier if this war had never taken place, because the Soviet Government was eager to conclude peace at this time.

But Marshal Pilsudski made a political and military mistake which was more or less cancelled out and balanced by an equivalent mistake on Lenin's part a year later. The Polish leader dreamed of a vast federation of non-Russian nationalities from the Baltic to the Black Sea. His troops took the offensive in April 1920, and occupied Kiev for a short time in agreement with the Ukrainian nationalist leader,

Simon Petliura. The enterprise was out of proportion to Poland's strength, and during the summer the Poles were driven back to the Bug River. It was then that Lord Curzon intervened, fruitlessly.

Repeated Polish efforts to open peace negotiations were sabotaged. The Red Army drove on to the outskirts of Warsaw. Here the Poles rallied and inflicted a crushing defeat on the Russian invaders. Lenin had said: "We will break the crust of Polish bourgeois resistance with the bayonets of the Red Army." But it was the whole Polish people, workers and peasants as well as the "bourgeoisie," that threw itself into the struggle against a return, in any form, of the hated Russian oppression.

The Peace of Riga, concluded on March 18, 1921, represented a reasonable compromise between the extreme Soviet and Polish claims. It was based on renunciation both of Pilsudski's dream and Lenin's dream. The frontier line corresponded closely with that of the second partition of Poland in 1793, except in the South, where the 1914 border was retained. To a Polish mind this did not seem immoderate territorial expansion. While several million Ukrainians and White Russians were included in the eastern provinces of Poland,

it is unlikely that the majority of these people would have preferred inclusion in the Soviet Union, where the Ukrainian nationalist movement was persecuted more ruthlessly than in Poland.

In any case, it was not a dictated peace such as our more ignorant columnists and editorial writers are talking about. The frontier was less favorable to Poland than the line held by the Polish armies in 1920. If the Soviet Government felt a sense of grievance over the Peace of Riga it certainly concealed it very effectively from 1921 to 1939. Far from bemoaning the loss of what it now calls "Western Ukraina" and "Western White Russia," it was constantly pressing the Polish Government to sign treaties of non-aggression, based on mutual respect for the existing borders. It concluded such a treaty on July 25, 1932; and this treaty, again at Soviet initiative, was extended for ten years on May 5, 1934. The Kremlin loudly and repeatedly accepted the frontier, and its official press constantly described it as permanent and inviolable by either country.

Poland loyally lived up to its obligations under the non-aggression treaty with the USSR. Its government rejected three offers from Hitler to cooperate on the basis of

surrendering territory to Germany in the West and acquiring territory at Russia's expense in the East. But when Hitler shifted his technique of aggression and proposed a partition of Poland to Stalin, he found a ready partner. As soon as the German onslaught had broken the backbone of Polish resistance, the Soviet Government, in complete disregard of obligations frequently and voluntarily assumed, sent its armed forces into Poland against the protest of the Polish Government.

### III

Soviet rule in East Poland, like German rule in the western half, was a nightmare of horrors. Vast numbers — not only Poles but Ukrainians, Jews and White Russians — were rounded up and shipped in cattle cars to remote exile areas in Siberia and elsewhere; the Polish government-in-exile has officially estimated the deportees at a million and a half.

A brighter prospect for Poland's national future seemed to open up after Hitler's invasion of Russia in June 1941. The Soviet-Nazi partition was officially repudiated in the Polish-Soviet agreement of July 30, 1941, which declared among other things, that "the Government of



the USSR recognizes the Soviet-German treaties of 1939 as to territorial changes in Poland as having lost validity."

At this time, when his military position was weak, Stalin expressed no doubts or reservations as to the legitimacy and representative character of the Polish government-in-exile with which he made the agreement. It is most unfortunate, and must be reckoned a cardinal blunder of American diplomacy, that there was no effort to link up lend-lease shipments to the Soviet Union with a specific promise on Stalin's part to live up to his own repeatedly pledged word and the implications of the first three clauses of the Atlantic Charter, to which he adhered, and specifically to repudiate annexationist designs.

This would have been a very cheap price for the Soviet dictator to pay for American aid, which may well have measured the difference between defeat and victory in his war with Germany. All that can be said in extenuation of American diplomacy is that our Government failed to envision even the possibility that Stalin might seek to swallow neighboring countries.

The Soviet attitude toward Poland became increasingly truculent as the Russian military position improved. There was sys-

tematic Russian sabotage of Polish effort to form a real army on Russian soil, and ultimately this army, under command of General Anders, had to be transferred to the Near East. Most amazingly, Soviet citizenship was arbitrarily imposed on all deportees from Eastern Poland on January 16, 1943, in effect "capturing" perhaps a million citizens of another nation.

Growing bolder as its arbitrary actions encountered no effective diplomatic opposition from Great Britain and the United States, the Soviet Government broke off diplomatic relations with the Polish government-in-exile on April 26, 1943. This was done to the accompaniment of the usual unproved coarse abuse of which Mr. Willkie, by a kind of poetic justice, has been a more recent object.

The pretext for this unprecedented breach in the unity of the nations allied against Hitler was an appeal by the Polish Government to the International Red Cross for impartial investigation of the mysterious disappearance of 8,300 Polish officers, last heard of in three Soviet prison camps. The Germans asserted that the bodies of these officers had been found in a forest near Smolensk. The Polish Government's appeal was palpably a diplomatic blunder. The fact, how-

ever, is that its attempts to trace the fate of these officers in Soviet hands over a period of almost two years had been in vain. The Soviet authorities had never given any clear or convincing account of what had happened to the missing men, despite Stalin's personal promise to General Sikorski to investigate the mystery. In retrospect, it is clear, the Polish Government's more serious blunder was its failure to make its search for the disappeared officers public from the outset; it had refrained, of course, in order to avoid embarrassing the Russians.

The real objective of Soviet policy toward Poland became clearer in the passing of time as a little stooge group of Polish communists and fellow-travelers, most inappropriately called the Union of Polish Patriots, with headquarters in Moscow, was pushed more and more into the foreground of Soviet propaganda. Recent events are fresh in memory. A Soviet declaration on January 11 suggesting the Curzon Line as a new frontier sneered at the Polish Government as "incapable of establishing friendly relations with the Soviet Union." A pathetically mild appeal by the Polish Government for a four-power conference, with the participation of Britain and

the United States, to discuss all outstanding questions between Poland and Russia was brusquely rejected by Stalin. British and American attempts to intercede were brushed aside. Through a vicious attack on Willkie, of all people, Moscow served notice that it considers its projected grabs in East Europe as "domestic" affairs. Poland, the first nation to take up arms against Hitler, was treated by the Soviet Government like an inferior colonial state.

Very sinister was the Soviet suggestion of "compensation" in the West for Poland's territorial losses in the East. This compensation would presumably take the form of cession to Poland of East Prussia, perhaps of the whole of Silesia. Now all the crimes of the Nazis cannot obliterate the fact that East Prussia is a solidly German community, with practically no Polish minority. To violate the right of self-determination in such a crude way would be the surest guarantee of another European war. And it would transform Poland into a helpless Russian vassal, dependent on Soviet military aid to keep territory which no German government, conservative, democratic or socialist, would ever regard as permanently lost to Germany. The fact that the Poles have not re-

jected this offer is on the same level of intelligence as their seizure of Teschen and hardly adds to their moral stature.

#### IV

The same pattern of contempt for his own pledged word evident in relation to Poland is evident in Stalin's relations with Finland and the Baltic Republics, Latvia, Lithuania and Estonia. These countries also had their full quota of non-aggression pacts, concluded at the initiative of the Soviet Government and violated at the first convenient opportunity.

The Soviet Government was expelled from the League of Nations by unanimous vote of the Assembly and Council on December 14, 1939, for carrying on an unprovoked aggressive war against Finland and rejecting League proposals for mediation and arbitration. This is something to bear in mind when a voice over the radio purrs the assurance that the Soviet Union was a model League member and that Stalin has "never broken his word." The number of treaties broken by Stalin compares favorably even with Hitler's record. Finland's action in joining Germany's war on Russia does not alter the character of Stalin's onslaught.

The three Baltic Republics, forced to accept Soviet military "protection" (in the Al Capone sense of the term) in the autumn of 1939, again as part of the Stalin-Hitler deal, were completely taken over and Sovietized in the summer of 1940. The Lithuanians, after seeing most of their army officers kidnapped and sent to unknown destinations in Russia, along with thousands of their citizens, rose in mass against Soviet rule on the day of the German invasion.

The parallel with Munich became distressingly evident at the end of 1943, as Anglo-American-Soviet conferences, first in Moscow and then in Teheran, passed without a word of concrete assurance that the Soviet Government would honor its obligations and the Atlantic Charter in Eastern Europe. It is reflected in unilateral Soviet decisions in that area. The three Baltic countries, though still enjoying American diplomatic recognition, are officially treated as "Russian territory" by the Moscow Government. It seems grimly clear that no concessions which the tormented Polish Government may be pressed into making by its British mentors offer much hope of preserving Poland's territorial integrity or even its independence within shrunken frontiers.

Appeasement, this time of Stalin, is once more in the ascendancy.

Now, as in the Munich days, the explanation of the appeasers is that the aggressor is too strong to be stopped. That is perhaps true, although Britain and the United States are probably underrating their own diplomatic and economic leverage. But even if the Soviet grabs cannot be prevented, there is no excuse for concealing the picture from the American people or worse, presenting Moscow and Teheran as great and noble achievements in this respect.

More distressing than the spectacle of this East European Munich is the widespread tendency to accept, justify and even glorify Stalin's cynical and treaty-breaking policies. The concerted volume of misinformation that pours out about the issues at stake almost suggests the handiwork of Dr. Goebbels. It has reached a point — especially in so-called "liberal" American circles — where sympathy with the ideals of self-determination and respect for national obligations are treated as a kind of subtle fifth columnism.

The intellectual sources of this misinformation are varied. One easily recognizes the practiced hand of the communist and fellow-traveler. Then there is the category

of individuals who demand blind faith in whatever the Administration may be doing in foreign policy. One also notices, perhaps as a minor form of war shellshock and abdication of reason, a curious mystical belief that if only we trust Stalin enough, no matter what he does, we will all be happy ever after. The more Stalin does to undermine our confidence, the more our publicists and statesmen insist on a blind, deaf and dumb cultivation of the quality of confidence.

## V

Space permits us only to cite a few of the more outrageous factual misstatements being used in the campaign to soften up Allied opinion to accept passively and even enthusiastically whatever Stalin does in Eastern Europe. Here is the usually well-informed London *Times* (leading sponsor of the earlier Munich) printing a historical "howler" by saying that the Bolsheviks at Riga could not refuse the Polish demands because of "acute danger from Wrangel." Wrangel's White Army had been smashed and driven from Russian soil by November 1920, more than four months before the signature of the Treaty of Riga.

And there is Max Lerner, in the

New York *PM*, smugly assuring us: "Nor is there anything in the Pact [of Moscow] itself, or in any of the documents that attach to it, which in any way leads to the assumption that the Atlantic Charter will be betrayed." It is not anything in the Pact, but what is *not* in it — the absence of any assurance of Polish and Baltic independence and territorial integrity — that is under discussion. Dr. Lerner, of course, knows well enough that the betrayal of the Atlantic Charter is in the silence on issues uppermost in the public mind, and in the unilateral actions of the Soviet Government.

The editor of the same *PM*, John P. Lewis, in a politically illiterate statement on the famous *Pravda* story charging Britain with seeking a separate peace, actually asserts that "The Soviet Government, unlike the Germans, has never found it necessary to build up phony justification for its acts with its people." This in the face of such notorious facts, to cite one of many, as the Soviet charge back in 1940 that Finland had attacked Russia!

Dorothy Thompson tells her readers that "Britain by the Treaty of 1939 is committed to restore an independent Poland with its pre-war *western* frontiers." A study of

the text of this treaty (concluded on August 25, 1939) shows that it makes no such distinction between Poland's western and eastern frontiers as she implies. Whatever the British commitments, they apply equally on both sides of Poland.

The *Nation* rushes into the breach by describing as "indubitably true" two propositions that are indubitably false. We quote:

(1) The inhabitants of the disputed territories are racially identical with those of the White Russian and Ukrainian Soviet Republics. (2) The inclusion of these lands in Poland was accomplished by *force majeure*, when the Western powers, ganging up on the struggling Soviet Union, compelled it to sign the Treaty of Riga in 1920.

As has already been shown, the racial composition of the disputed regions is extremely mixed. The Treaty of Riga was concluded in 1921, not in 1920, and it would be interesting to know where the *Nation* got the completely unfounded idea that pressure from Western powers had anything to do with the signature of the treaty. Lord Curzon's proposal, already cited, was the nearest to "pressure" — and exerted in exactly the opposite direction.

And the *New Republic* contributes observations so profoundly false and unfair that they come as something of a shock even to one

fairly casehardened in the workings of the "liberal" mind:

There is now good reason to believe that the Russians will participate with us in the building of a broad structure of international security. But a necessary condition to such action on their part is that they should not themselves have the feeling of insecurity. . . . And the nature of the present Polish Government-in-exile is so reactionary. . . .

From this one might imagine it was Poland that had invaded the Soviet Union, annexed almost half of its territory, kidnapped a million and more of its citizens, organized a stooge government to impose on its neighbor. Could any fair-minded person, in view of the record, in view of the disparity between Polish and Soviet military power, doubt which country has more reason to feel "insecure" about the intentions and designs of the other? As for the deeply "reactionary" character of the Polish Government, this is the kind of smear usually tossed off by the ignorant. That Government includes about a dozen Ministers who are broadly representative of all parties, from the Right to the Left, which were active in Polish political life before the German-Russian invasions. Here are a few of these "reactionaries":

Prime Minister Mikolajczyk, prominent leader of the Polish Peasants

Party and of the cooperative movement.

Vice-Prime Minister, Jan Kwapinsky, Socialist, metal worker, president of the Polish trade-unions.

Minister of Labor and Social Welfare, Jan Stanczyk, Socialist, secretary-general of the miners' union.

Minister of Finance, Ludwig Grossfelt, a Jew and a liberal lawyer.

Minister of the Interior, Banaczek, leader of the Peasants Party, imprisoned under Pilsudski's dictatorship.

Moreover, even when it was reactionary or illiberal by Western democratic standards, the Polish Government never approached Stalin's level of dictatorial terrorism. Consider the case of Henryk Ehrlich and Victor Alter. As Jewish socialists they were not *persona grata* to the colonels who ran the Polish Government after Pilsudski. Yet the two men sat in the Polish parliament and went abroad to international conferences. What democratic socialist had this opportunity under Stalin's GPU? It was at the hands of Soviet, not Polish executioners that Ehrlich and Alter met their death.

The assertion that Eastern Poland and the Baltic States are necessary to the "security" of the Soviet Union is both morally inadmissible and factually wrong. There



would be unlimited land grabbing all over the world if every strong power should be permitted to annex smaller and weaker neighbors on the flexible excuse of "security." It should be remembered that Russia lived in peace without this territory for almost two decades; and that annexation of this territory did not prevent Germany from overrunning great areas of Russia in 1941. The Soviet land grab slowed up the modern mechanized war machine by only a few days, and there are military experts who argue that Stalin's strategic position was made worse by the annexations. Whatever validity the plea of "security" might have had in past generations it is utterly silly in the epoch of air power, when a few hundred additional miles are completely meaningless.

Russia's trade was never hampered by the free status of the Baltic Republics, which were only too eager to handle all the transit business that might come their way. The natural resources of Eastern Poland and the Baltic are negligible to Soviet economy. And surely no one in full possession of his faculties would take seriously the fake plebiscites conducted under Soviet military occupation among terrorized populations.

In relation to the moral issues

involved in Stalin's violation of the Atlantic Charter in Eastern Europe one listens in vain for the voices of our great moralistic liberal leaders of opinion. So far as these voices are articulate they speak in strange notes of cautious isolationism, cynical power politics, shortsighted amateur Machiavellism and expediency. What of their former beliefs that "security" should be sought in effective world organization to repress aggression rather than in unilateral land grabs?

The best thing to do when confronted with a Munich, we feel, is to call it by its right name. Only in that way can we head off disastrous disillusionment of our own people and save some shreds of the world's respect. For it is a sad illusion to expect that any aggressor will be stopped by surrender. Every small country east of the Rhine will see the handwriting on the wall in the sacrifice of Poland and the Baltic Republics, and will hasten to make its own terms of submission.

To assume that the second Munich can no longer be prevented, is defeatist. British-American bargaining power *vis-à-vis* Russia is not wholly exhausted. But even if Stalin attains his East European objectives, there is surely no reason why Americans should pretend to be happy about it.

► *Mrs. Roosevelt is liked by the people and places she visits.*

## FIRST LADY TO THE COMMON MAN

BY VIRGINIA PASLEY

IF YOU ever lived in a small town you knew Aunt Ella. Her cookie jar was always full and available to any kid in the neighborhood. She was the one that brought calves' foot jelly to the sick and sat long hours at bedsides, the one to whom anyone turned when trouble struck. True, she was a little old-fashioned in her ways and in her ideas, and maybe not too bright on some things, but she loved young people and she had a large capacity for understanding and forgiveness.

Well, Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt is your Aunt Ella to the millions — to the factory workers and the miners, the farmers and the fishermen, to the little people anywhere and especially in the armed services.

To the worldly and sophisticated, to those "in the know" who bore easily, Mrs. Roosevelt and her doings are insufferably tedious, irritating and sometimes comic.

Because her naïveté is unbelievable, they simply refuse to accept it as anything less than a disguise for machiavellian cleverness.

So when the First Lady, in discussing the goings-on at a certain lobbyist's mansion, tells her press conference she has "never quite understood why people go to places they don't know," the anti-Eleanor bloc starts looking under the bed for a new law that will make it impossible for them to go where they please. When she writes in her column that in these war times people should not be able to collect enormous incomes, and shortly afterwards the President issues an executive order placing a \$25,000 ceiling on salaries, they are convinced she planted the idea in her husband's mind. When she allows herself to be roped into an assortment of communist stooge organizations, they whisper that she's a front for the Comintern.

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All of which is nonsense and invests Mrs. Roosevelt with a power and an acumen she just doesn't possess.

The truth about Mrs. Roosevelt is that she is a social service worker with all the faults and all the virtues of the genus — a “good” woman in the vanishing tradition of the bustle and God-bless-our-home era — an Americana type so rarely seen in sophisticated circles that cosmopolites simply can't believe their eyes and ears. She may be intellectually naïve; she may be a muddled thinker, for certainly abstract thinking leads her into fantastic byways; she does warp tolerance into inanity in her attempt to be fair to anyone and everyone — but she is neither cunning nor machiavellian.

It is obvious that the cosmopolites cannot be expected to appreciate the homespun qualities of a woman like Mrs. Roosevelt. The little people can because in spite of the background of wealth and breeding, Mrs. Roosevelt thinks and feels on their plane. She expresses herself in the same sort of platitudes and clichés that they might use.

Her concern is with the practical, concrete, everyday things of life as theirs perforce must be. They sense in her the same sort of goodness and

approachability they found in Aunt Ella and they do not hesitate to pour out the most intimate of their troubles to her with the certainty that she will find a way. Their general attitude toward her is a strange mixture of respect and familiarity.

They have sat next to her in subways and she has never snubbed them, they have said hello to her on the street and she has returned their greeting. She has talked babies to them in the parlors of factory towns and has chatted about hours and conditions as she paused at their work benches.

Her gadding may be a thorn in the side of those who are annoyed every time they see an unprepossessing newspaper photograph of the First Lady in some outlandish place, but the outlandish places love it.

Mrs. Roosevelt will visit any legitimate meeting, college, factory or project to which she is invited if she can possibly fit it into her schedule. “I always feel that when people want to see me, if it is possible I should see them.” But she never goes uninvited and the enthusiastic response to her presence has to be seen to be appreciated.

Her own testimony on the question of her taking trips in wartime

is this: "The people want me to do it. It would be much easier and less wearing if I rolled bandages."

\* \* \*

Not so long ago the 76th Infantry Division in training at Fort Meade, Maryland, was putting on a show for the Women's National Press Club at the Willard Hotel in Washington. The youthful, fresh-faced lieutenant in charge asked a bit diffidently if it were true that Mrs. Roosevelt belonged to the Club. Assured that she did, his eyes widened and he caught his breath sharply and plunged, "Will she come and see our show?" Now Mrs. Roosevelt seldom attends the Club's functions, but the appeal was passed along to her. She was having guests for luncheon that day, but would find the time to get back-stage and see the boys.

Sure enough, shortly before the start of the show she walked over from the White House and was escorted into the ante-room where final preparations were being made by the 110 troopers of the 76th. Their faces glowed as they crowded and pushed for a closer look at the First Lady and the chance to get an autograph. Tirelessly, she shook hands all around and signed autographs for all comers, pausing now and then to chat a little.

One lad with whom she talked

was in a belligerent mood and told her she was missing something she would always regret by not staying for the show. She smilingly agreed, but added that she felt she knew something about the training because, "My son Jimmie is in the Marines and he has told me of what he went through."

"Pooh," retorted the lad, with an impertinent shrug, "he doesn't know anything. Our course is much tougher."

The First Lady's smile didn't waver. It even became warmer as she assured him she was glad to see he took such pride in his outfit. Later the youngster approached the writer in some bewilderment and confided:

"You know, I'm a staunch Republican and I just don't like the Roosevelts. But she's a lady! She wasn't condescending. She was really interested in us. Why, she even told me about her son. She really likes us."

\* \* \*

Mrs. Roosevelt's fantastic ability to turn up in the odd and out-of-the-way places of the world was never better illustrated than on her flight to the Pacific. For security reasons no word of her coming was sent ahead. She was warned, therefore, that at many of the tiny island bases where she would land,

no woman had ever visited, and that she was likely to encounter service men in various stages of undress. She reminded her counsellor that having brought four sons up to manhood she guessed she could take it if her hosts could.

The stunned reaction to her sudden appearance was epitomized in the unguarded exclamation of a grease monkey along the way, who looked up from the hood of a truck he was repairing, spotted the First Lady and cracked:

"Well, I'm a sonofabitch if it ain't Eleanor Roosevelt."

How close she came to cancelling that South Pacific trip she revealed only recently. Shortly before taking off, she was informed that Marines in the Pacific area were writing home complaining about a supposed radio broadcast of hers. The story went that she had said that all Marines must be kept in the Pacific for a six-months' period after the war to "be cleaned up" before being allowed to come home and consort with American women.

"Of course I never said such a thing," she declared. "I would never even have thought of such a thing, but I felt for a time that if that story had gone very far, there wouldn't be much use in my making the trip."

She was persuaded to make it,

nevertheless, although as she was to discover personally, the story had circulated far and wide among the Pacific outposts. So far and so wide that the thing had to be brought out in the open and denied. She was advised to do this in a speech. But she had a better idea. Dropping into an encampment of Marines she had lunch at an enlisted men's mess, sitting at a table with four master sergeants. She poured the whole tale into their tough ears, and they said:

"Don't give it another thought, Mrs. Roosevelt, we'll see that it gets squelched."

They did, and how! Over the master sergeants' grapevine to all the battlefronts of the Pacific went Mrs. Roosevelt's repudiation and thereafter no Marine could spread that canard and keep his head above water.

Military Intelligence now reports that the story was started on Radio Tokyo, which unfortunately happens to be the easiest station to tune in for many of our troops in the Pacific.

Both the things she saw and the pace she kept made this last trip the first really to down the rugged First Lady, whose cable address incidentally is Rover. Having sloughed off twenty-five pounds and added many lines of weariness

to her face, Mrs. Roosevelt came back from the Pacific with a new aim, that of somehow inspiring the imagination of the home folks so that they will be better prepared to understand the returning soldiers.

\* \* \*

Precisely those things that annoy the intellectual and the sophisticate are what endear Mrs. Roosevelt to the little people. She is always gracious and ladylike without putting on any side — more like the town's favorite schoolteacher than a grand dame. While her voice is admittedly unmusical, her accent is not so "cultivated" as to put a barrier between her and those who speak the Americanese of the city streets and the backwoods. While she uses "educated" words — and they would not care to have her condescend to words of one syllable — she does not talk over their heads. Though she often voices "high flown" ideas she also habitually demonstrates an explicit knowledge of the needs and desires of those she meets.

She makes grammatical mistakes as they do, her sentences wisp off at the end as theirs do, she is often at a loss for words as they are. She is awkward and ill at ease at times though not enough to cause a painful sympathetic embarrassment. The point is, she's just not

"smooth" and therefore they trust her motives and believe in her sincerity.

To those who must gulp down their tragedy even as they go about getting the next meal or doing the washing there is nothing ridiculous in the *non sequiturs* in her daily column where a treatise on the sad plight of the Poles is followed by a mention of Mrs. Morgenthau's clambake, the fact that yesterday was "a most beautiful day," that blood plasma may mean the difference between life and death and finally:

"I always feel that teachers are among the most important influences in any community."

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The lack of prettiness that has had an effect on her whole life is part of the plus side of Mrs. Roosevelt with the millions, though it is at the root of much of the antagonism against her on the other side of the picture. Somehow, her photographed plainness is particularly irritating to women themselves highly endowed with physical beauty. They can't forgive a homely woman for getting such a "catch" as the President because that unbalances their whole scale of values.

Actually, Mrs. Roosevelt is not an ugly woman, though it would

probably be more difficult to convince *her* of that than the newspaper readers who are continually confronted with unphotogenic portraits of her. She has really lovely eyes, soft pretty hair, an unusually fresh complexion and a well-modeled nose. Her mouth, teeth and chin are the stumbling blocks for any real beauty or even prettiness. But even those are maligned in a news photo which freezes in an unbecoming fraction of a second the fleeting part of an expression that gives animation and attractiveness to her whole person and makes it possible for those who have had personal contact with her to call her a handsome woman.

People who know how conscious she is of a lack of beauty wonder why she allows herself to be photographed so often. Part of the answer to that one is that cameramen are not to be avoided if she is to go on with the activities to which she is dedicated. Also she is not nearly so camera conscious as a pretty woman who feels that her hair isn't done just right today or her dress has an unbecoming neckline. Mrs. Roosevelt counts on the worst and she usually gets it. Nevertheless, where she can have the say, there are no portraits of herself to be seen.

The plainness which disappointed her mother so much that she could

not conceal it from her young daughter, has had a disproportionate effect on her whole life. None of her immediate family seems to have had any compassion about hurting a sensitive girl's feelings. She recounts how in her teens her pretty and popular young aunts reminded her that she could hardly expect to be a belle. She didn't expect to and she never was. That did not prevent her from marrying the most personable young man with the best prospects of any in her immediate ken.

Yet those young wounds left their mark long after she achieved a philosophic attitude toward her looks — left it in the form of an inferiority complex so deeply saddled that despite her unequalled experience as a hostess and public figure she is apt to run off into hysterical giggles when she cannot find the end of a sentence.

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As a reporter Mrs. Roosevelt is extremely observant. As a writer she lacks cohesion, conciseness and any sense of form. She simply cannot set down a statement and let it pull its own weight, but must editorialize and moralize, with lamentable results. When she describes what she sees on her innumerable trips she displays a happy instinct for the little human interest details



that make "good copy" and that would escape a more sophisticated woman. But in attempting to draw conclusions she loses herself in a fog of groping for the "tolerant," the "liberal," the "fair" thing. Her judgments as a result not only seldom get anywhere but also generally cancel out in a sad fizzles.

Shining examples of the ridicule Mrs. Roosevelt invites by her determined effort to be fair at all costs to all concerned are not hard to find in her writings. In a recent column dealing, as so many of them do, with the weather, she wrote: "I think spring and autumn are my favorite seasons." But, as though alarmed that she might not have done right by our summers and winters, she added: "There's beauty, of course, in every season."

In her indefatigable quest for tolerance, Mrs. Roosevelt's greatest battle has been against her well understood antipathy to alcohol in any form. When she was ten, her father — Teddy Roosevelt's brother — whom she loved beyond any member of her family, died of excessive drinking. Other victims were two uncles on the Hall side of the family and her own brother, Hall, whom she mothered until his death.

Early in life she was an ardent dry and it took her a long time to

come around to the repeal side. She did it only when she had felt that prohibition had not succeeded. Liquor is served at the White House, but not to Mrs. Roosevelt. She drinks orange juice or milk; and woe to anyone charged with guarding the President who comes near her with liquor on his breath.

Still, when Hall was dying in a Washington hospital, her devotion to her brother impelled her to carry to him each day his ration of gin to satisfy his inordinate craving for alcohol.

Whether it is loyalty or just plain Roosevelt stubbornness, the First Lady is noted for sticking to people and causes long after the people have stabbed her in the back and the causes have run themselves into the ground. That unfailing kindly attitude got her name and her prestige behind a great many of the "popular front" organizations and sent her down the fellow-traveler lane with the National Youth Congress. It ended by giving her a taste of the ingratitude and ruthlessness of young party-liners who openly insulted her when she disagreed with them. This was during the interim between the Russo-German pact and the Russo-German war, the time when the popular front metamorphosed into a front for the Nazis.

Even then Mrs. Roosevelt did not desert the Youth Congress though a group of them, in Washington as her guests, rowdily booed the President from the lawn of the White House and raised a rumpus in the galleries of Congress. Though she broke with the Congress in 1941 it wasn't until May of 1943 that she spanked the communist under-cover groups still trying to dominate America's youth organizations for working in "undemocratic ways" and using methods "intolerable in this country."

It was then she revealed that she had trustingly taken their word for it when students who later admitted Communist Party membership assured her that "they had no ties with the Young Communist League." Sadly, she then admitted "I have lost confidence in them." Whereupon they walked out on her in a body.

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Those who get to thinking of Mrs. Roosevelt as the directing genius (and up to no good) behind the President, obviously are not steeped in their Roosevelt lore. They've got the story just turned around. It's the President who has wielded a more than usually strong influence over his wife's natural bents and has even turned her into paths she never would have consid-

ered entering. Even where he has not directly guided her it has been on his behalf that Mrs. Roosevelt has achieved many of her breaks with tradition.

When the two young fifth cousins once removed were married, Eleanor was not only shy, inexperienced and completely unworldly, but also actually ignorant of most of the things which now occupy the forefront of her world. An example of the President's domination of her at that time is the question of feminism. Franklin was in favor of woman suffrage years before Eleanor even thought about the subject. He has been the real feminist of the family, not she. Even today she does not go so far as the President in her attitude toward equal rights for women. Again the social service worker crops up.

She is a definite believer in protective legislation for women rather than equal rights and consequent equal responsibilities. Her press conference to which men are barred evolved partly as a scheme to open up jobs for women reporters out of work in the depths of the depression. Several of the women have since expressed a willingness to open the conference to men on a professional basis but Mrs. Roosevelt has steadfastly refused.

A lot of stories critical of Mrs.

Roosevelt's influence on the President emanate from his official family and this is so normal a circumstance that it is odd anyone should wonder at it. The boss's wife is always an outsider to the boss's staff. The boss's wife represents a phase of his life wholly apart from them; a companionship in which they can have no participation; a complete world of which they can have no knowledge. Thus she becomes in their daily routine the unknown quantity X. Thus she comes to be resented.

A realistic estimate of Mrs. Roosevelt's influence on the President is difficult not only because of this attitude but also because the atmosphere has been so clouded by irresponsible criticism. Actually, the President himself is the only one who could give an authoritative answer. It is possible that her influence has been less than that of more retiring First Ladies and has been minor even in cases where friend and foe alike concede she is the guiding spirit.

Generally, though, she is credited with responsibility for creation of the National Youth Administration, the surplus food program for relief clients, the arts and crafts

section of WPA, resettlement and community projects such as Arthurdale — all now defunct — and with certain features of the Office of Civilian Defense. This last provided her with her greatest personal defeat and disappointment when she stepped into an executive job and had to step out again after belatedly realizing that "the President's wife is too vulnerable to take a government job."

There are, too, a few relatives and friends of the First Lady who have managed to get onto governmental payrolls, obviously through her intercession. None of them is in a particularly influential spot but their scandal value, as in the case of Mayris Chaney, the rhythmic dancer who was to keep children calm during air raids, is usually pretty high.

There is no doubt that the President depends on his wife for reports on her many and varied trips. She has tried to be, as she herself says, his "eyes and ears," and much of her tripping around is due to an earnest effort to make up to her husband for the fact that he, even less than most Presidents, is able to go about and mix in and see things for himself.



## CONGRESS MUST BE REORGANIZED

BY J. LACEY REYNOLDS

THE twentieth amendment to the Federal Constitution did away with lame duck Congressmen and Senators, but it did not do away with the lame duck organization of the House and the Senate. In the last decade especially it has become abundantly clear that if Congress is to function intelligently and efficiently, it will have to reorganize itself radically.

The making of laws in these historic and highly complicated times demands a Congressional set-up far different from the one that prevailed in the simpler days of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries — and which prevails, in large part, to this day. This is not the opinion merely of visionaries and political theorists. It is also the opinion of the vast majority of the legislators who find themselves called upon to vote on matters they barely understand, and who have so many things to attend to that

they couldn't conceivably become adept at all of them. The result of this confusion has been that Congress has lost a great deal of its pristine power and influence, and most students agree that Congress will not regain its high standing until it —

(1) Equips its committees with adequate staffs of trained investigators and research experts, and gives its individual members skilled office help to perform their duties;

(2) Revamps its haphazard committee set-up to eliminate overlapping and confusion; and

(3) Reviews its musty rules and traditions with a view to raising its own efficiency.

### *Better Staffing*

Congress has been overly generous in furnishing government departments and bureaus with adequate staffs of trained experts, but tight-fisted to a fault in providing

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trained personnel to assist its own committees and individual members. This places it at a distinct disadvantage in dealing with the executive branch. Consider the situation when a department or bureau comes to Capitol Hill seeking legislation or appropriations. On one side of a green-felted committee table sits the head of the agency, flanked by a battery of lawyers, economists, analysts and accountants. Opposite sit the members of the committee, accompanied by a lone committee clerk.

The department or bureau chief is prepared to justify his request with a carefully-drawn statement on which his staff has been working for weeks and even months. If he does not have at his fingertips the answer to some question, he turns to the retinue accompanying him and they pull the answer out of their heads or brief-cases.

By contrast, members of the committee seldom have the time to do advance preparation for the hearing. Their overworked clerk is neither trained nor qualified to give them technical advice or guidance. The questioning therefore degenerates into a sort of "quiz-kid" program. Representative Everett Dirksen, veteran House appropriations committee-man, paints the picture thus:

There we sit fishing and cross-examining and trying to find out about the operations of this government. I tell you that often it is a pretty discouraging and dismal affair. It is like trying a lawsuit without witnesses and without evidence.

Committees should be staffed, not merely with clerks, but with trained investigators. They should be generously paid and capable of keeping the committee well-advised on what is happening in the government agencies over which it has jurisdiction. They would serve also as counsel to the committee; would cross-examine, rebut and expertly analyze the testimony offered to the committee. Only with such personnel can congressional committees hope to legislate efficiently, on the basis of knowledge, not pressures and intuitions.

The success of the Truman Committee in investigating the war effort demonstrates what efficient staffing can do to make a committee really effective. When the committee was created by the Senate, everyone expected Senator Harry Truman to do the usual thing: appoint a political lawyer from his own state as committee counsel, borrow a few investigators and other experts from the executive departments, and then fill out his payroll with clerks and stenographers from the patronage lists of

other Senators on the committee. Instead, Truman called on the Justice Department to recommend a chief counsel. The department recommended Hugh Fulton, who was working in a New York law firm. Truman had to pay him \$8,500 a year, but the man, not the money, was all-important. Next, he hired three assistant attorneys, all high-caliber men without political connections, and six field investigators who thoroughly understood fiscal affairs. All told, his payroll ran to \$10,000 a month. But with this skilled staff, he has actually saved the government hundreds of millions and discouraged other extravagances that might have run into billions.

Just as congressional committees need more expert assistance, so do individual members of Congress. The war has multiplied the number of chores that congressmen are asked to perform for their constituents. They have become errand boys for their districts, rather than legislators. They work on new projects, help businessmen get government loans and contracts, open official doors for visiting firemen, check the fate of missing soldiers, expedite veteran claims and perform a host of similar jobs. The result is that congressmen now have less and less time to perform their

legislative function of studying, debating and voting on legislation.

What Senators and Representatives desperately need today are expert assistants — “assistant congressmen,” if you wish. These assistants could either run some of the errands the congressman now tends to personally; or better still, could assist him and keep him up to date on the legislative front. For instance, they could keep tab on bills the congressman has introduced, analyze general legislation for him, digest official reports and transcripts of hearings, do research, and gather material for speeches. Today, however, it is impossible for a Senator or Representative to obtain such an assistant on the limited budget he is allowed for office expenditures. The highest salary he can offer an employe is \$3,900.

Two years ago, the Senate voted down a bill to give each Senator a \$5,000 executive assistant. The Senators feared they would be criticized for spending money on themselves and not “economizing.” More recently, however, Congress seems to be less disposed to be niggardly in that respect. The Senate Appropriations Committee has just been granted an additional \$30,000 to strengthen its own staff. The public commended, rather than condemned this move.

Congress spends less money on itself today than it appropriates for any one of a number of minor government agencies. For instance, more money is appropriated annually for the Indian Bureau than for the entire legislative branch — including members' salaries, mileage to and from Washington, clerk hire, and operation of the Capitol Building. If Congress forsakes penny-pinching to provide itself with adequate staffing, the additional cost will be repaid many times over by savings in appropriations for executive agencies. There's no doubt about it: it takes money to save money.

### *Committees and Confusion*

In streamlining Congress, the importance of committee reorganization cannot be over-emphasized. For the committee rooms constitute the workshop of Congress. There, legislation is drafted, redrafted and perfected. There, the settings and props are designed for the show that goes on each day on the floor of the Senate and House. Seeing the overlapping, the confusion and duplication in the workshop one is reminded of nothing so much as the stage of a high school auditorium the night before the curtain rises on the senior play!

Both Senate and House have far

too many committees. Senator Robert M. LaFollette of Wisconsin says the Senate's thirty-three committees should be reduced to twelve. And a number of House members believe the forty-seven House committees could easily be reduced to fifteen or twenty. With fewer committees, individual members would not be obliged to serve on several committees, could concentrate their efforts by specializing, and thus the work of the entire committee system would improve.

Looking at the multiplicity of committees, one might think that many of them were created just to give members something to do. The House has 931 committee seats for its 435 members, and in the Senate, the ratio is even greater — 400 committee positions for ninety-six members.

There are twenty-two members of the House serving on six different committees, eleven on seven, four on eight, and one poor fellow is assigned to nine. If he were to attend a different committee session every morning he could not make the rounds within a week. Senators are almost "committeed to death." One of them actually serves on nine different committees. And no Senator serves on less than four. If two of his committees happen to be



meeting the same day, as is often the case, the Senator is forced to decide which one he prefers to attend, and vote by proxy on the other. It is not at all unusual for a Senator to turn up in committee with five or six proxies in his pocket, to cast for absent colleagues. This practice of legislating by proxy has been sharply criticized, but is inevitable under the multiple committee system.

The system has spawned another evil by minutely subdividing, among several committees, whole broad fields of legislation that should be handled instead by single committees. Take the case of legislation introduced in the House embodying claims against the government. If a citizen who has been struck by a mail truck is seeking damages, his bill goes to the Claims Committee. If the claim grows out of an inventor's experiments in developing a new weapon, it goes to the Committee on War Claims. If it is a claim for a pension from a veteran of San Juan Hill, the bill goes to the Pensions Committee which handles pensions from the Spanish War, Boxer Rebellion and Philippine campaign. If the pension grew out of the Civil or Mexican War or the Indian Uprisings, the bill goes to the Committee on Invalid Pensions. And if it grows out

of the World War, the bill goes to the Committee on Veterans' Legislation. Thus five committees with 105 members are dealing with subject matter that could be dealt with much more effectively by a single committee.

In both House and Senate, the committee landscape is littered with craters of extinct committees which in their hey-day spewed forth legislation with volcanic vigor. Territories and Insular Possessions, in the Senate, is a good example. In the days after the Spanish War when the American flag was on the march, this committee was exceedingly active. But in recent years it has slumbered. The last major piece of legislation it reported out was the Philippine Independence bill in 1934. Since then it has not been reduced in size, and still retains a seven-man committee staff costing \$16,720 a year. Incidentally, this is more than half the sum that was spent on the staff of the vital Senate Appropriations Committee prior to the additional \$30,000 that was recently voted.

Territories and Insular Possessions might well be combined with the Senate Committee on Inter-oceanic Canals, another hangover from Spanish-American war days, which spends \$10,500 a year on a four-man staff. With \$17,760 from

the former and \$10,500 from the latter, the consolidated committee could replace its staff of political appointees with a staff of real technicians.

Congress could clear away much of the underbrush in its committee system by making greater use of joint committees, composed of members of both houses. This would be feasible, for example, in the case of the Senate and House committees on the District of Columbia. Each House now maintains a District committee that acts as a sort of city council for Washington. This, incidentally, makes Washington the only city in the country that enjoys the luxury of two city councils. The most trivial municipal ordinances are given duplicate consideration — first by the House committee and then by the companion Senate committee, or vice versa. A single joint committee would obviously be more efficient and economical.

The war has focused attention on the great amount of overlapping and duplication that exists in the present set-up. Numerous special committees and subcommittees have sprung up to vie with the old-line standing committees in probing various facets of the war program. When the Maritime Commission cancelled contracts

with the Higgins shipyards in New Orleans early in 1943, for instance, three Congressional committees rushed to investigate — Merchant Marine and Public Buildings and Grounds in the House, and the Truman Committee in the Senate. Rear Admiral Land, chairman of the Commission, got so tired traipsing to the Capitol that he finally suggested he "might do a better job of building ships if he could spend more time at work and less at congressional hearings." Other busy war officials have had similar experiences. Former Rubber Director William Jeffers testified before five committees within ten days, on precisely the same subject. And crusty Secretary of Interior Harold L. Ickes, annoyed by having to recite the same old song and dance, finally refused to appear at one hearing.

Of course, any move to re-group, consolidate and eliminate committees is frowned upon by the powerful committee chairmen. They want to retain the prerogatives of their positions. So potent are they, and so addicted to their vested interests as chairmen, that they undoubtedly will be able to stay the hand of reform, unless a vigilant public demands it in the name of greater congressional efficiency and independence.

### *More Modern Rules*

Congress long ago installed electric lights, air cooling, elevators and other modern conveniences in the Capitol, but has shown slight interest in the modernization of the moth-eaten rules, traditions, and procedures under which it operates.

For example, the Senate clings tenaciously to its archaic prerogative of unlimited debate. It has steadfastly refused to modify the rules by which a filibuster can be terminated. A two-thirds vote is still necessary — which simply means that a minority of one-third can indefinitely deny the Senate the right to vote on a measure the minority considers objectionable. Of course, a filibuster not only unduly delays a vote on the objectionable measure, but unnecessarily dams up all other legislation — as the filibuster against the Federal anti-poll tax bill demonstrated not long ago.

The seniority rule by which committee chairmen are automatically chosen should be reexamined also. Under the seniority system, the committee member on the majority side with the longest service becomes chairman, without regard for his ability. It has operated to plummet into vital committee

posts today an assortment of misfits. Heading the House Military Affairs Committee, for example, is the volatile Representative Andrew Jackson May of Kentucky, a shifty mountaineer given to making rash military predictions. In the Senate, seniority has produced the anomalous situation where the two service committees are headed by isolationists who were entirely out of sympathy with Administration policy prior to Pearl Harbor — Senator Robert (our Bob) Reynolds of North Carolina, of Military Affairs, and portly Senator David I. Walsh of Massachusetts, of Naval Affairs.

Whatever may be said in defense of seniority (and a plausible case can be made for it), certainly it cannot escape criticism for the results it too often yields. The American Political Science Association's committee on Congress recommends junking the seniority system altogether and letting committees select their chairmen by secret ballot. But there is small chance that this will ever be done.

As between the extremes of the seniority and the elective systems, however, it is not impossible to find a satisfactory middle ground, by retaining seniority but relaxing it slightly and sensibly. It might be feasible, for example, for commit-

tees to elect their chairmen out of the two or three ranking members on the majority side. This would more likely insure an experienced chairman, while giving the committee some choice in the matter.

Congress should analyze critically all its rules and traditions — not merely the ones cited here. It should do so periodically to improve its performance in the eyes of the public, just as football and baseball magnates review the rules each year to improve the games for spectators. For precedents outgrow their context and rules grow brittle with age. And Congress can never get in tune with the times as long as it remains hobbled by chains forged in another day.

The urge to modernize Congress is neither pro nor anti-Roosevelt; neither Republican nor Democratic. It transcends parties and current issues. It springs from a

concern for the very survival of democratic institutions. The parliamentary system is everywhere on the defensive. It can only contribute to its own bad name by continuing to muddle and mess where clear-cut and practical action is required.

In recent years our Executive has clearly accumulated ever more authority, at the expense of the legislative branch. Decrees have in many departments of public affairs tended to displace laws. If that trend is to be reversed, the streamlining of Congress is indispensable. And unless the trend *is* reversed popular government as we have known it in the past may be doomed.

Congress is, in the final analysis, the chief bulwark of the people against bureaucratic abuse. But it may prove to be just another Maginot Line unless it modernizes its creaky, rusted machinery.



### *Literary Manners —*

Words are the dress of thoughts, which should no more be presented in rags, tatters and dirt, than your own person should.

— LORD CHESTERFIELD

► *The chameleon statesman is preparing another betrayal.*

## THE SLIPPERY HJALMAR SCHACHT

BY WILLIAM BAYLES

WHEN Britain's rabid Nazi baiter, Sir Robert Vansittart, described Dr. Hjalmar Horace Greeley Schacht as "the most unscrupulous and oleaginuous scoundrel I have ever come across," many Englishmen wrote him letters. They thought the word should have been spelled "oleaginous."

Dr. Schacht is not oleaginous. If you pressed him into the irreducible minimum, it would in all probability not be the proverbial grease spot but an alloy coin passing off as silver. He is one of those coins forever turning up, and because there is a strong possibility that it may soon be jingling in the Allied pocket, let's examine it and test it and try to see what it's made of.

"Unwanted, unpopular, indispensable," was how Goering described him in 1940. "Sixty-five going on forty," was how he described himself. His six-foot-two

figure with the highly-polished shoes, slightly old-fashioned top-coat, and expanse of immaculate white collar reaching from collar-bone to chin — "the only clean thing about him," old Gustav Stresemann used to growl — was a common sight around Unter den Linden and Wilhelmstrasse when American correspondents were still permitted to prowl those precincts. He was friendly and approachable. "What are you doing now?" I asked him during a chance encounter in 1940. "Growing pigs," he replied, and the word "pigs" came out as though it had been shot from one of those new German mortars.

Schacht, the father of "Schacht magic," master of financial witchcraft, juggler of national economies, alchemist of hazardous experiments, Freemason, friend of Jewish bankers, "old boy" in the Nazi Party, capitalist, Nazi cabinet min-

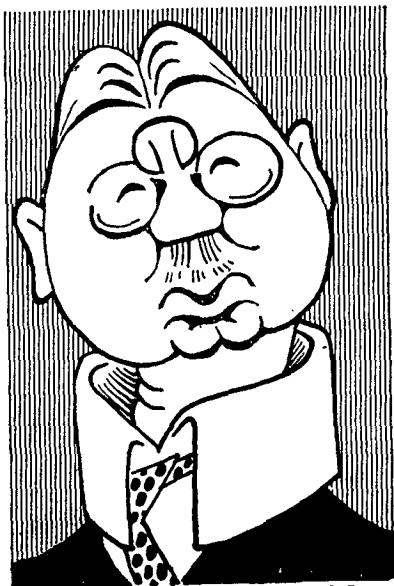
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WILLIAM BAYLES represented *Time* and *Life* in Berlin in 1938-1940, and for five years before that traveled extensively throughout Europe, particularly Germany, as a roving correspondent for several newspapers and magazines. He is the author of *Caesars in Goosestep*.

ister, and member of Pastor Niemoeller's congregation, is a Machiavelli with a twentieth century technique. Nothing is sacred to him except his belief in himself.

I once heard him outline what he called the "pilot principles of success." They are: "A clear realization of what is thine and what is mine; never forgetting that 2 and 2 make 4, and never 5; never failing to profit by the mistakes of others, even governments." He has no faith in human nature, but regards people as so many molecules squirming and panting in ineffectual endeavor, waiting to be used or crushed by the few endowed with superior wisdom and force. In the leadership categories he places himself above merely national leaders, who merely guide molecular groups in and out of mass struggles, while he manipulates nations and even continents.

A typical insight into his cynical attitude towards his fellow men is provided in a "plunder survey" he prepared for Hitler in 1936, following an extensive tour of the Balkan countries. In it he listed the entire production and financial wealth of these countries as seizable goods. When Nazi economists pointed out that he had not left even a ton of provisions for the needs of the local populations, he is reported to have



Eric Peters

*Dr. Hjalmar Schacht*

snorted, "Oh God, do they have to eat?"

In his day Schacht has served many masters, but always with an air of cynical detachment flavored with deliberately aimed criticism that left his momentary master uncertain whether he was working with or against him. When Gottfried Feder, Hitler's own economist, once described him in the Führer's presence as "an eel," Schacht immediately snapped back, "Yes, an eel among herring." Otto Meissner, that bumbling old governmental hatrack who has perched

importantly through the Kaiser's, Hindenburg's and Hitler's régimes, once said, "Schacht has been on every side except one — the losing one."

## II

The son of a Danish father who became a naturalized American but finally returned to Europe to live, Schacht was born in 1877 in the tiny village of Tingleff on the German-Danish border and named after a great American democrat. In school he switched from religious to medical to economic studies, finally receiving a Ph.D. for a thesis, *British Mercantilism in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries*.

His first job was on a Berlin tabloid, *Die Kleine Journal*, which Dr. Goebbels finally suppressed in 1934 as "a dirty scandal rag foreign to our race." From journalism he went to the Central Bureau for Preparing Trade Agreements, a propaganda office used by German heavy industry. In 1903 he joined the Dresdner Bank as press representative and by 1908 was a deputy director.

He did not bear arms for his Fatherland but served as financial adviser to the German Military Government in Belgium. In 1917 he joined the Working Committee

for Central Europe, collaborating with Hugo Stinnes, Fritz Thyssen and several other German industrial leaders in drawing up conditions of surrender to be imposed on Europe when Germany had won the war. Unfortunately, the results of their work were carefully destroyed when it became obvious that Germany wouldn't be the one to dictate peace because they would have revealed a German attitude towards the rest of the world that most countries failed to realize until 1940.

After the Armistice was signed, he deserted the nationalist groups with whom he had worked ardently and joined the new Republican Party to be on the right side for peace. When inflation in 1923 threatened to bring down the structure of republican government, Schacht, who had refused Stresemann's plea to become Finance Minister because he did not believe in the Rentenmark, became Currency Commissioner and Reichsbank President at the urging of President Ebert and used the Rentenmark until he had succeeded in again filling the bank's coffers with gold. He borrowed everywhere, his austere front, high collar, faultless English spoken with a velocity that left one wondering how he managed to breathe, and wizardry



with figures somehow impressing even hard-shelled Wall Street bankers with the soundness of his schemes.

In Paris in 1929 to draw up the Dawes Plan, he declared, "Germany cannot possibly pay unless the Polish Corridor and Upper Silesia are returned and we are also given colonial possessions." Two weeks later he signed the plan, agreeing to pay twice what he had formerly sworn was the absolute German maximum, and overlooking such prerequisites as the Corridor and Colonies. The outcry from German heavy industry was shattering and Schacht was in danger of losing his jobs. So when he went to the Hague in 1930 to discuss the Young Plan, he repudiated everything he had promised a year before and resigned in protest against the extortion attempts of the victorious powers. Heavy industry, ruled by Fritz Thyssen, paid him \$75,000 to tide him over a period of unemployment.

By 1930 he had decided "it is impossible to refuse power to a party as strong as the Nazis." He became friendly with Hitler and helped him in his contacts with leading bankers. In his book, *Von Kaiserhof zur Reichskanzlei*, Dr. Goebbels wrote under the date November 29, 1932: "In a conver-

sation with Dr. Schacht I ascertained that he absolutely shares our point of view. He is one of the few who will stand by Hitler regardless of consequences."

Hitler took over on January 30, 1933 and paid off. On March 17 Schacht was again Reichsbank President, and in July he became Acting Minister of Economy, never, however, assuming publicly the full responsibilities of the office. Until 1936 he remained virtual economic dictator of the Reich. He solved the foreign debt problem by refusing to pay even interest, and got two laws passed, one imposing the death penalty on anyone caught trying to send money or valuta of any kind out of the Reich, the other making it a capital crime for any German to have undeclared possessions abroad.

At the Leipzig Fair in 1935, he said, "The Jews must realize that their influence has ended forever. . . . But the solution of this problem must not be left to ungoverned individual initiative which will seriously hamper our commercial relations." In other words, Schacht was all for plundering the Jews, but he wanted to do it himself, deftly and completely, and avoid the unseemly publicity caused when loyal party thugs smashed Jewish shop windows in order to steal fur coats

and radios. Foreign bankers have expressed the opinion that Goering's uncanny knowledge of international Jewish banking connections and the sources that could be tapped as ransom for prominent family members tortured by the Gestapo could have come only from Schacht, who has a filing-case mind regarding the disposition of the world's wealth.

His new economic order for Germany was based on barter, dumping on a grand scale, and the fantastic swindle of blocked, travel, registered, aski, and any other kind of unbacked marks that a gullible world would accept for goods. Meanwhile he visited the United States and England, proclaiming private enterprise, the gold standard and free trade.

Grateful for results, however achieved, Hitler handed Schacht the golden party pin "for special services to Party and State," thereby making him an "old boy" equal in prestige to those who had dodged beer mugs and bled for Nazism. Calling the Reichsbank staff together, Schacht solemnly, though undoubtedly with his tongue in his cheek, declared, "I entrust this sacred symbol of National Socialism to the Bank's vaults to be preserved with the other historical documents." In

this way he got out of having to wear it.

By early 1937, Schacht's entire barter system had gone haywire. Political pressure and threats were used to compel the small European countries to trade with Germany, and helpless Balkan governments were loaded with unwanted German *ersatz* products, while valuable ores were carted off to supply the Ruhr. Schacht foresaw that this must lead to trouble and got out in November 1937. Accepting his resignation as Acting Minister of Economy, Hitler wrote him, "Overjoyed that you will nevertheless remain my personal adviser, I appoint you as of today Minister without Portfolio in the German Cabinet."

In January 1939 he quietly resigned as Reichsbank President, but before going, he gathered up his personal stationery and visiting cards, commenting, "I'll probably be able to use these again — perhaps with four letters deleted."

### III

War came and blackmail gave way to plunder. The gold and silver reserves of occupied countries were seized, and each victim was made to finance its own subjugation. In order to pay colossal occupation

costs, the smaller countries of Europe had to inflate their currencies, which suited Germany perfectly as it increased her own purchasing power and tended to stabilize the mark. In all of these manipulations the icy logic of Dr. Schacht, still Hitler's personal adviser, was discernible.

Since 1939 Schacht has lived in retirement while occasional stories on the international news wires have emphasized his disfavor with the Nazis. Last spring he emerged to take up offices off Unter den Linden with a staff of twenty assistants to draft a comprehensive report dealing with the likelihood and probable consequences of the five possibilities facing Germany: (1) that Germany wins a complete victory; (2) that Germany reaches a compromise with her enemies; (3) that Germany is compelled to surrender; (4) that Germany concludes a separate peace with either Russia or the Anglo-American group; and (5) that Germany loses the support of Italy, Rumania and Hungary and Finland. The report is said to have stressed the urgency of achieving point 2 in order to avoid the inevitability of point 3, and its circulation in high military and party circles coincided with a *Vertrauenskrise* (confidence crisis) which was finally put down by the

appointment of Himmler as Minister of the Interior.

Since then an involved game of hide-and-seek has gone on between Schacht and Himmler, with Himmler frantically attempting to discover and lop off the many Schacht connections with the outside world but at the same time refraining from bothering him personally. When Schacht's friend, von Kuehlmann, arrived in Stockholm last autumn, he found that every room in his hotel except his own had been reserved for German travelers of a type that he immediately recognized. He hastened back to Germany. On another occasion, when a certain official was placed where he might contact Allied intermediaries, Himmler's paper punned, "Another *Schachtspiel* won." (*Schachspiel* is the German for chess game.)

No perusal of Dr. Schacht at the present juncture can be complete without reference to another personality. Observers close to the German scene have watched the emergence of a German nationalist and ex-submarine commander, Pastor Niemoeller, who has been spared the rigors of concentration camp life for several years and lives comfortably under "villa arrest." He has served German propaganda — perhaps unconsciously — these

many years as the officially publicized martyr of the Reich, where because of the changing German political systems there has always been a place for martyrs.

Pastor Niemoeller's good friend, Darlem neighbor and congregation member, Dr. Schacht did not lift his voice to protest against the pastor's arrest. But under slogans such as "From the crooked cross to the true cross," Free German circles in London, working on directives piped straight from underground Germany, have begun to plug Niemoeller as the political hope of German Christians, and associated with his name is that of Schacht.

The combination is a powerful one and may hold the one hope for German super-nationalism in the post-Hitler period. It is a combination, moreover, that is full of TNT — a time-bomb in the new world that will be shaped up after the victory.

All of which brings us back to that old bumbler, Otto Meissner, who said:

We should never lose faith in Schacht's elasticity, nor should we regard any surprise as beyond his capabilities. We may yet see him putting up a new fight for the greater and eternal cause of mankind. It will at least be interesting to watch.



## MARCH MOOD IN A CITY

BY MARION DOYLE

THIS is no mood for soft familiar things,  
 For pleasant book-lined room and glowing hearth,  
 Or mundane chatter while the kettle sings —  
 I need companionship with frozen earth:  
 The sight of frost-tered hills and jetty wings,  
 A wind against me, arrogant and fierce,  
 Savage and bitter, mockingly giving form  
 To my frail breath — a feather-sword to pierce  
 The iron armor of the invulnerable storm . . .  
 Nor for the easy sweep of city street  
 Where man-tamed boughs submissively conform  
 Above a world of asphalt and concrete,  
 But for a faint path leading steep and high  
 To lose itself against a granite sky.

# THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE

BY ELMER GERTZ AND JOHN TEBBEL

DAILY, including Sunday, a revelation descends upon the Middle West from Tribune Tower, a lofty symbol rising dramatically above the unimaginative architecture of Chicago, and housing the Chicago *Tribune*, gadfly of American journalism since 1847. It has the finest mechanical equipment money can buy. One of the best circulation departments in the newspaper business speeds the paper to the thirsting populaces of Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, Wisconsin and Iowa. Other areas are not denied the light, of course, but on the Five States, heart of the Midwest, the Chicago *Tribune* focuses its beam.

Exasperated and puzzled enemies of the *Tribune* often ask themselves: "Who reads the damned thing, and why?" The answer to the first part of the question is easy enough: at least a million people read the *Tribune*, beginning with

the citizens of Chicago and suburbs, who pay three cents for the privilege. They start reading it about midnight, propping it against their coffee cups in one-arm lunch rooms, squinting at it in the naked glare of elevated-car interiors, falling asleep over it in thousands of beds. By morning, other thousands are having it for breakfast, and its Two- and Three-Star Finals are blossoming in the going-to-work traffic. Until Marshall Field's *Sun* appeared in 1941, the *Tribune* had this morning market to itself. As the day waxes and wanes, people outside Chicago begin reading the *Tribune*, at three cents or more per head. Although many cities in the Five States have excellent local newspapers, few can begin to equal *Tribune* news and feature coverage. Consequently, afternoon papers find themselves competing, often on a losing basis, with a morning paper published hundreds of miles

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away. By nightfall, the rural population has come in from its day's work, eaten supper, and is reading the *Tribune*. Thus one day's *Tribune* reaches the farthest periphery of its readership as the next day's edition prepares to roll on the presses.

Obviously a paper of such wide appeal must have something to offer. True, the isolationists feed upon it for sustenance and it is the voice of anti-Rooseveltism, but its violent partisanship does not account for its approximate million readers.

Let us examine the paper page by page. The first striking thing about it is the unvarying character of its front-page makeup. Year after year, it has maintained a format as consistent as its political direction. The *Tribune* reader always knows what to expect — bold black type in the headlines, but never unduly sensational; a political cartoon usually running top center; attractive little boxes and subheads. The page is typographically smart and readable, and familiar as an old shoe to its readers.

Inside, on the first news pages, the editors are lavish with maps and other illustrative material and helpful with digests of war developments, news summaries and indexes. After these comes the red

meat: the features and comics which appeal to so wide a range of readers. The comic strips are not lumped on one or two pages, as in other sheets, but scattered through the paper, thus distributing reader interest. Successive pages cater to nearly every phase of American life: health columns, the famed contributors' column, "A Line O' Type or Two," a "law department," quiz questions, radio listings, almost every kind of woman's page feature, thorough amusement coverage, first-rate sports reporting, the usual financial section, a day-by-day report of doings on the *Tribune's* experimental farm, and a final page devoted to pictures.

This is the daily pattern. In brief, nothing that other papers do not have among themselves, but *all* that the others have, plus first-rate local reporting and a method of presentation from first page to last which follows its own party line as zealously as the *Daily Worker*.

## II

This line is most evident on the editorial page itself, of course, although the *Tribune's* editors apparently have no respect for news, *per se*, and turn the daily flow of events to their own uses. But under the *Tribune* masthead, directly fol-

lowing some such boldface declaration as, "The entire and absolute freedom of the press is essential to the preservation of government on the basis of a free constitution — *Daniel Webster*," the editorial writers strike out boldly and bitterly.

After the November elections of 1943, for instance, while other anti-Administration newspapers contented themselves with a kind of righteous chortling, the McCormick paper went much further:

Most people thought he [Mr. Roosevelt] was not conducting the war as it would have been managed if America had been foremost in his mind. His emphasis on the European war and his relative neglect of the war against Japan were evidence of the controlling influence that his allies wield over him. His freehanded giving away of our substance was regarded as symptomatic of a desire to win good will for himself abroad and by this means to become head of a world government.

The editorials are monotonously repetitive. They attack any and all Administration figures, of course, but they also excoriate the Henry Luces, describing them as "rich easterners, snobbish but eagerly willing to take their humble position at the bottom of the British table of precedence"; Walter Winchell, "who made patriotism a racket"; and Mayor LaGuardia, usually referred to as "frantic Fiorello." Letters to the editor are in

the *Tribune* groove: "This country got rich minding its own business. It is going broke trying to mind other peoples' business." . . . A cop's alleged insult to draftees, "Line the suckers up over here." . . . A letter praising heroes who do things without bragging, in which the writer boasts he has not signed a bond purchase pledge.

But the *Tribune* has its enthusiasms, too. It is editorially vociferous against social diseases and it regards Douglas MacArthur as the greatest military genius of all time. Its greatest enthusiasm, however, is itself. Probably no other newspaper in history has published more books, pamphlets and general promotional material about its own organization. It has a regular trade list of little volumes for sale at reasonable prices to men, women and children. Reprints fall constantly in a gentle rain of pamphlets. Histories of the paper appear in book form on significant anniversaries; a four-volume series has been projected to commemorate the hundredth birthday. *Tribune* employees have a monthly magazine. Moreover, the newspaper adds circuses to the daily bread it gives the people. It sponsors the giant Chicagoland Music Festival, the Golden Gloves bouts, the All-Star football game, Silver Skates



Derby, and other popular festivals.

The *Tribune's* progress, while amassing all these weapons, has been erratic but steady. Beginning with 400 readers in 1847, it took the lead in Chicago during 1918, with nearly a half million readers, and shot over the million mark in 1939, when Hearst's *Herald and Examiner* collapsed. Even more important, while rivals suffered the vicissitudes of mergers and changing ownerships, the *Tribune* enjoyed relative continuity of control and unity of direction.

Behind it all stands one man, as amazing as he is difficult to explain. So intensely personal is Colonel McCormick's journalism that most people believe he invented it. But the Colonel's cosmic wrath stems directly from his grandfather, Joseph Medill, who was the strongest influence in the *Tribune's* pre-McCormick era, and the history of the paper in its Medill days would make Marshall Field's blood run even colder than, presumably, it does today. For instance, on July 12, 1877, the *Tribune* forthrightly advocated poisoning tramps. A few days later, on the twenty-fifth, it came out for shooting strikers. Less than two years earlier, it had urged the lynching of agitators. Almost since the day it began, the

paper's pronouncements on every subject have been extreme and in a cocksure, oracular tone.

Joseph Medill passed on at least part of his character to his son-in-law, McCormick's father, along with control of the paper. When he was Ambassador to France, the elder McCormick inexplicably removed the picture of George Washington from the Embassy walls one February 22 and placed his own there instead. This, of course, recalls the Colonel's own action when, in a fit of rage at Rhode Island, legend says, he appeared in the Tribune Tower lobby and removed a star from the American flag hanging there.

Colonel McCormick's relations with the *Tribune* staff are, in general, paternalistic. Most employéés are defensively loyal. Washington newsmen say that at least some of the *Tribune's* staff there are as fanatically partisan as the boss himself. When the Chicago *Sun* offered an unexpected haven, there were proportionately few defections from the *Tribune* ranks. Certainly they find plenty to amuse them, especially on the huge McCormick estate, called Cantigny, in memory of the World War I battle in which the Colonel participated. One day a group of them assembled at Cantigny without

their host. A truck drew up before the assemblage and a ramp was pulled down. The Colonel was disclosed inside, on horseback, suitably accoutred. He waved genially to the gathering, rode down the ramp, trotted around the field, returned to the truck and was whisked away.

But some ex-*Tribune* employes are not amused by the McCormick eccentricities. Edmond Taylor, hot on the trail of a news beat, cabled his correct suspicion that Rumania was about to be invaded. McCormick cabled back:

Your fantastic Rumanian\* story, hysterical tone, and your recent cable and other vagaries indicate you, along with Knickerbocker, Mowrer and others, are victims of mass psychosis and are hysterically trying to drag U. S. into war. Suggest you join Foreign Legion or else take rest cure in sanitarium in neutral country until you regain control of your nerves and recover confidence in yourself. Until then file no more.

### III

Such manifestations, like the tone of the *Tribune* itself, are only reflections of the Colonel's overwhelming ego. It puzzles some people that McCormick can believe himself unequivocally right, no matter which side of the question he is on.

For example, during the first

World War and immediately after, he favored universal service and called Thomas Jefferson a "slacker" because he was not a ripsnorting militarist. In this war, the Colonel opposed conscription just as violently and extolled the virtues of peace lovers — of his own stripe, naturally.

*Tribune* editorials have not exactly aided the war effort. As long ago as May 15, 1932, the paper advocated abandoning Fort Sheridan and abolishing the Great Lakes Naval Training Station. By March 10, 1939, it was attacking the proposed fortification of Guam as "merely a product of Mr. Roosevelt's megalomania," and later that year, on November 12, it declared curtly that we needed only an army of "perhaps 100,000" for our land protection.

On December 4, 1941, while the Japanese sea and air forces were sliding secretly toward Pearl Harbor, the *Tribune* blazoned a first-page exposé: "F. D. R.'s WAR PLANS!" Under the eight-column heading, Chesly Manly's copyrighted Washington story disclosed one of the secret War Department studies of production requirements for national defense, a revelation which caused Secretary of War Henry Stimson to ask angrily: "What do you think of the patriot-

ism of a man or a newspaper that would take those confidential studies and make them public to the enemies of this country?"

Then, six months after Pearl Harbor, came the *Tribune's* story about the Battle of Midway, dated "Washington" and quoting "naval intelligence," which shocked our Navy and disclosed to the Japanese Imperial Staff that we knew in advance the composition of the approaching Jap fleet. There were names and descriptions of the ships involved. The *Tribune* asserted that its accurate list of Japanese warcraft was simply a deduction, arrived at in Chicago, but it neglected to explain how it could obtain information so secret that it was not included in Jane's *Fighting Ships*. A grand jury investigation of the entire mess was ordered but nothing ever came of it to date.

Since then, and to date, the *Tribune* contributed to the prosecution of the war nothing more spectacular than its "discovery" late in 1943 that Rhodes scholars were dangerous agents of the British government, hand-in-glove with the arch-conspirator in the White House, who, of course, intended to give America back to the British anyway as soon as the war is ended. Yet the *Tribune*

fancies itself, quite sincerely, the defender of democracy and a crusader against betrayal from within. Thus, since 1941, it has carried war bond buying appeals and free advice columns for soldiers' side by side with venomous onslaughts on the conduct and objectives of the war.

Colonel McCormick's sense of self-importance is one of the wonders of our generation. In a famous letter to a disturbed reader and ex-employé on February 20, 1942 he conceded that he had been "unable to persuade the Navy and the Administration that airplanes could destroy battleships." But at the same time he pointed out that it was he who introduced ROTC into the schools, introduced machine guns, mechanization and automatic rifles to the Army, was the first ground officer to go up in the air and observe artillery fire, was first to advocate an alliance with Canada, unsuccessfully tried to obtain the fortification of Guam, and failed to prevent the division of the Navy into two oceans. "I did get the Marines out of Shanghai," he concluded, "but was unsuccessful in trying to get the Army out of the Philippines."

Reading this sublime record, Carl Sandburg added: "And on the seventh day He rested."

## IV

Colonel McCormick and some loyal staff members consider the *Tribune* the world's greatest newspaper, but not many others agree.

A few years ago, Leo C. Rosten polled Washington correspondents on their preferences in the country's newspapers and found only one who thought the *Tribune* was the most fair or reliable, while seventy-one believed it the least fair and least reliable. Since more than one *Tribune* man was included in the poll, the Colonel had grounds to suspect considerable cynicism in his own staff. Characteristically, the *Tribune* termed this testing the work of a communist agitator.

More recently, the University of Wisconsin's School of Journalism asked leading editors and publishers to name "the world's greatest newspaper." The proportion of *Tribune* believers was less than 3 per cent.

"Believers" is a word used advisedly. The people who read the *Tribune* and believe in it politically are not typical newspaper readers. They are zealots in the interlinked causes preached by Colonel McCormick. Dissatisfied with the pre-Pearl Harbor findings of Gallup, Roper, Crossley and others, the

*Tribune* polled its own subscribers and asked their "considered opinion" as to "whether the United States shall go into the war *to help Great Britain beat Hitler.*" (Our italics.) The answer, of course, was a resounding "No!"

The *Tribune* technique is to attack, always attack. Its party line is reflected from first page to last, even to the alteration of wire service dispatches. It specializes in pinning labels and names on people and ideas it doesn't like. Just as fifty years ago it consistently referred to Governor Altgeld as "dictator," so today it calls everyone not as reactionary as the *Tribune* "subversive." When S. E. Thomason, who worked on the *Tribune* as its general manager before he resigned to found the liberal Chicago *Daily Times* in 1929, suggested that his erstwhile charge had destroyed the integrity of language by indiscriminate use of it, the *Tribune* called dignified Mr. Thomason a "jackal." Marshall Field, lauded as a hero in the *Tribune* when he returned from World War I, was termed "effeminate" and "a coward" when he chose to fight the home front war this time. Easterners are called variously "aliens," "snobs," "radicals" and "un-American." California, the *Tribune* believes, should

be read out of the Union. The South — except for the poll-tax, anti-Administration Congressmen — does not escape either. The unavoidable conclusion, which the *Tribune* makes no attempt to avoid, is that Middle Westerners are chosen people, shamelessly exploited by other sections of the country.

The sins of the *Tribune* are many, but they are unashamed. There is about the paper the extraordinary confidence that everyone else is out of step. Its humorless cartoons by Carey Orr; its unblushingly “slanted” headlines and news stories; its fantastically partisan Washington stories; its violent, sometimes almost seditious, editorials — all these are weapons in Colonel McCormick’s “crusade” and he uses them not only without apology, but in the firm conviction that he is right.

The McCormick party line is a legacy from Medill. It clings to certain basic ideas and principles, even when it twists and turns in a maze of seeming contradictions. Those ideas and principles shape up much in this way: An ardent Republican partisanship and consequent loathing of Democrats; an equally ardent Anglophobia; an urge to annex all of the North American continent and islands; a dislike for “the professors,” with

a consequent fetish of “common sense” and practicality; a sublime self-confidence and perpetual self-adulation; a yearning for political influence and dominance; a strong advocacy of capitalism, but an intense dislike for individual capitalists; a liking for simplified spelling; a loud championing of press freedom — for those members of the press who do not oppose the *Tribune*; and a romantic conviction that it alone speaks for the Midwest.

Whatever political strength the *Tribune* has arises from its dominant will to power. When it supports a candidate, it does so with all the stops out and no holds barred. Measuring *Tribune* influence, however, is difficult. The paper’s enemies like to think that McCormick support is the kiss-of-death for a political aspirant, and they tell the story of the prominent Chicagoan who made a fortune by wagering against any candidate the *Tribune* supported. They say that most of the mayors of Chicago, from Carter Harrison the First to the time of “Big Bill” Thompson, rose to power chiefly by opposing the *Tribune*. The elder Harrison, for example, used to rouse his campaign audiences to a high pitch by throwing a copy of Medill’s paper on the floor and trampling upon it.

All the same, it would be sheer folly to underrate the *Tribune's* influence. The paper reflects and leads an important body of opinion and sentiment. In recent years it has elected and kept in power Senator C. Wayland "Curley" Brooks, the eminent isolationist, and with him a number of minor political figures in the Midwest, all or nearly all of the America First stripe. There is little doubt that when the *Tribune* plumped for Willkie in 1940 its action was largely responsible for the subsequent Willkie boom in the Midwest. Now that McCormick is on the other side of the fence, there is equally little doubt, according to shrewd political observers, that a large hunk of Republican voting strength is swinging with the McCormick pendulum.

The *Tribune's* real strength lies in the fact that it is a habit, that its character is rooted deeply in Chicago and Middle Western life. It has a typographical richness no other Chicago newspaper enjoys; it has better local coverage; it

dominates the morning field in an area of dense population. Moreover, a generation has grown up in Chicago which thinks of the *Tribune* in terms of Golden Gloves, all-star football, music festivals and amateur sports competition. These promotional stunts, like the paper's comic strips, are designed to penetrate deeply and intimately into the habits and scenes of everyday life, and at the same time supply the romance and excitement that sophisticated people find in more highly developed forms of entertainment.

No newspaper in the history of American journalism has been so passionately attacked in recent years, and none has ever weathered the storm more easily. Col. McCormick's journal stands firmly as the mouthpiece of a formidable section of American opinion, and its opponents of every political shade will have to reckon with it in this election year. The *Tribune* has been in politics for nearly a century. There is no indication that it will quit now or ever.



ACCORDING to a magazine article, the earliest bird existed nearly 100,000,000 years ago. Will worms never learn? — *Punch*.

## A GENUINE AMERICAN

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

*This lost poem, A Genuine American, by James Whitcomb Riley, was the property of Mary E. Riley Payne, who was my mother, and the youngest sister of the poet. She died in 1936. Recently, among her effects, I found it in an old envelope which contained numerous early biographical notes and clippings regarding her brother's career, and which she had marked 1884. Clipped from some very old newspaper of undetermined date and origin, the poem was printed under Riley's signature.*

*As far as I am able to discover, it does not exist in duplicate. It is not even included among his early poems which were collected by my mother when, as a child, she pasted them in her scrapbook of his works, some otherwise lost Riley prose and poetry having been preserved in this fashion. Nor does the poem appear in any published complete edition of Riley's works. Its omission can be explained by the circumstance that my mother and I were living abroad during the years when his works were being gathered and first presented in complete form, shortly before his death in 1916. The envelope containing the poem was overlooked by my mother, for it had remained obscurely here, in storage, in the United States.*

*This is the first time, to my knowledge, that A Genuine American is printed in any national periodical.*

— LESLEY PAYNE

A LEANIN' on the bar-post and a thinkin' fer a minit,  
An' shellin' fer the chickens ear'r corn or so —  
The air es dry es fodder an' the wind with winter in it,  
The cracks atween the shingles plugged up with early snow —  
I hear the jays a hollerin' a jokin', and a laffin',  
A rilin' of each other with their braggy, sassy chaffin'.

Not a peewee ner a bluebird ken be seen around the diggins,  
An' the catbird up'n sneaked away a month ago.  
An' the kildeer in the stubble, with dainty frills and triggins,  
Hes hied away along the rest fer fear o' snow:

But the jaybirds aint no cowards an' so keep on stayin',  
Jest es perk and jest es sassy's if 'twas only hayin'.

Ther robbings, so like humans, when yer posies stop a-blowin',  
An' the berries that they like all gobbled down —  
Strike out'n leave ye lonesome, with the days a shorter growin',  
And the sun but faintly smilin' et you through a frown,  
But the jaybird stays right by ye — es one es shows a likin',  
Strongest fer ye when the rest has got ye corner'd and a strikin'.

When I cut fer the cornfiel' fer a lonesome day a huskin',  
I scarcely get a shock throw'd down fairly ter begin,  
'Fore the jaybirds cum a tearin' 's if they's jest a-bustin'  
Fer ter help me out'n quick like from the hurry I am in.  
An' they holler at each other — keep whoopin' and a yelpin'  
An' make me chirk and cheerful, which is good a most as helpin'.

If I c'u'd write some verses handy, like I've seen them printers,  
An' make a tune as nice fer them as Mrs. Jenny Lind,  
They sh'u'd both be 'bout the jaybird a loafin' through the winters,  
An' mixin' up their yawpin' with the snow an' freezin' wind.  
It's easy 'nough in summer, when the sky is blue and glowin'  
Ter besingin' — but it's different when the same is black'n snowin'.





► *Democratic forces may still  
fight to retain freedom.*

## BEHIND THE ARGENTINE CRISIS

BY ALLEN HADEN

ARGENTINA is doing all the things which a first primer of politics would say are wrong. It is alienating commercial friends, alarming neighbors, jeopardizing prestige, seeking isolation and rejecting friendship with the United States which other South American countries are finding exceedingly profitable in this lend-lease good-neighbor era.

The key to this puzzle is furnished by an ideological trend in Argentina called Nationalism — authoritarian in concept, anti-democratic in purpose, Nazi in general sympathies, fascist in methods and fanatic in execution. It is the fanaticism that explains behavior which in terms of simple self-interest seems incomprehensible.

The country was staggered by the swift, one-day revolution on June 4, 1943, which, dropping the camouflage of the Castillo régime,

imposed an outright Nationalist system dictated by a gang of ruthless army officers. The democratic forces, unprepared and unorganized for violence, put up no opposition and have been slow to close ranks and recover courage. But they are recovering. For despite Nationalism's thirteen years in the government — relatively mild years until last June — liberty still seems sweet to many.

The dread spectre of civil war now stalks the Argentine pampas. The country must decide — and probably will decide soon — whether it shall live and develop under Nationalist or democratic processes. The issue has been so sharpened since June by the government of General Pedro Pablo Ramirez, many perspicacious Argentines say, that only blood can settle it. The forces in balance are ominously similar to those of Spain in 1936, on

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the eve of Spain's tragic civil conflict.

In the United States, only the issue of Argentina's rôle in the war has focussed any real attention. The significance of the threatened social struggle, however, goes much deeper. The recent Nationalist revolution in Bolivia, strikingly close to Argentina's in slogans and temper, is a fateful sign. Argentina regards itself as leader of a Nationalist reaction that embraces all Latin America, that is sharply anti-USA in spirit, and that aims at something like a Latin American "new order" under Argentine hegemony.

In trying to describe the Ramirez government, American correspondents ran head-on into the chief censor and spokesman of the new rulers, Lt.-Colonel Hector L. Lavocat. We said the government was fascist. He denied it.

Despite his denials, the Ramirez government uses those techniques of terror which we call fascist. Individual rights and personal liberties, formerly a glorious achievement of Argentine life, now depend on the whims of the police. Elective legislative bodies were among the first victims of the June 4 revolution, which dissolved Senate and Chamber of Deputies within three

days of seizing power. The secret police has been increased by hundreds, perhaps thousands of listeners — *oidores* — to spy on the population of Buenos Aires. Drastic controls have been imposed on the press. Organization of a veritable Gestapo has been entrusted to the capable hands of Leopoldo Lugones, Jr. Foreigners are no longer welcome. Legal differentiation is beginning between native and naturalized citizens, and anti-Semitism is in the ascendant. Concentration camps have been established for "communists" — a label applied to any over-vocal labor leader or liberal. The Ramirez government is following the Nazi-fascist lead in suppressing "ideological" books and in glorifying historical military leaders.

The present government has done what no previous Nationalist administration dared to do. It has broken away from the liberal democratic constitution of 1860. Nationalist officers stated plainly on October 16 that "the armed forces . . . will never permit a return to conditions of the ancient régime." That is, in effect, public notice that they will fight to *enforce* Nationalism whether the people want it or not. And the initial advantages are all on their side. They control the machine guns, tear gas, police cells.

The lieutenants and captains among them command the recruits bearing rifles.

The country today is completely in the hands of the army and specifically in the hands of younger army officers. During the Justo administration, some of them founded the GOU — Grupo de Oficiales Unidos — meaning Group of United Officers. To this Nationalist secret society belong the four men who dominate the Argentine scene. First in order of importance comes Colonel Juan Peron, an athletic extrovert who has assumed the post of labor dictator besides his job as executive officer of the War Department. The others are General Alberto Gilbert, Minister of Foreign Affairs and Minister of the Interior, in which latter capacity he controls the police throughout the country; Colonel Enrique Gonzalez, secretary of the presidency; and General Emilio Ramirez (no kin to the president), chief of Buenos Aires police, including the now notorious secret police.

But the present baffling Argentine mess is not simply the result of ambition, virtues or cynicism in these men. The Argentine drama today, and the possible civil war tomorrow, grow out of the complicated hopes, fears and hates which make up the Nationalism

which since 1930 has dominated Argentina.

The seed was sown in Raimundo Meabe's Nationalist Manifesto of 1924, today a generally forgotten document. Meabe attacked Argentina's dependence on foreign markets and demanded a revitalization of purely Argentine virtues. His manifesto, published as a paid advertisement in *La Nacion*, bore fruit in 1930 when the first successful military revolution in Argentina since 1852 brought General Uriburu to power. Excepting only the short fourteen months between President Ortiz's inauguration and his blindness, all Argentine governments since 1930 have been Nationalist.

## II

Nationalism in its essence is the reaction of the budding middle classes to the monopoly enjoyed by the great landowning aristocracy over the country's visible wealth. Often themselves landowners in a small way, the Nationalists object to the stratification of the export trade in meat, wheat, wool, corn, linseed. They object to meat produced on great estates going to great meat packing plants whence the best is exported. They object to cereals and other grains, produced

mainly by share-cropping, going abroad through a few dominating export firms.

"Stop exporting our top-soil," the Nationalists cry as they underscore, with considerable justice, the disparity between huge exports of food and fibers while millions of Argentines within the country starve and freeze from the cradle to the grave. Few remember that such Nationalist demands are stolen from the Socialist Party platform and are some fifty years old.

In nearly every Argentine there is a latent Nationalist. These prideful people loathe the fact that railroads are "British," that the great electrical power company of Buenos Aires is "Hispano"-Argentine, that radios, cars, tires are "American" despite the camouflage of local manufacturing and assembling companies; that meat packing plants are mainly "foreign." The Nationalists refuse to inquire into the causes which created these foreign-owned enterprises, or to credit the results which have brought Argentina such comparative prosperity.

The Nationalists claim that Argentina can live alone and needs no foreign capital. Foreign-owned companies are invited to liquidate — "otherwise we shall drive them out by regulations," one officer told me. They are too impatient to

abide by a natural process of nationalizing the country's assets. By normal commercial development, Argentines have gradually gone into big business formerly dominated by foreign capital.

The profound importance of these developments is that while pushed and exploited politically by the Nationalists, they appeal also to most other Argentines. Extension of native ownership, the squeezing out of foreigners, has flattered the patriotism and built up the self-confidence of all kinds and classes of Argentines. The danger for the country, and for this hemisphere, is less in the process of nationalization of economy than in the means of effecting the program.

Argentine Nationalism has chosen the army as its tool and fascist methods as its technique. Active military participation in the political development of the country acquires dangerous overtones due to a number of features of the Argentine psychology.

The country is politically imperialist. It believes that in the Parana-Paraguay river basin "its fiat is law." It presumes to speak for all Latin America, whether the other countries like it or not. It is also racially arrogant, inordinately proud of being a "white" nation and openly contemptuous of neigh-

boring countries for their "colored" races. That Brazil — speaking Portuguese and predominantly mulatto in racial composition — should play such a large rôle is especially galling to Argentina; cordial relations between the United States and Brazil are a considerable factor in the Argentine bitterness against the "Colossus of the North."

Argentina, furthermore, is the most militaristic country of all South America. Military service is compulsory and Argentines make good soldiers. After their period of service is over, they form impressive reserve corps. Training is given by a small cadre of professional army officers who during the past fifty years or so have emerged as a fairly well-defined military caste, principally through intermarriage of military families. Pampered by the national budget, its judgment in recent years warped by Axis propaganda, its ego inflated by flattery, the military caste has been egged on by Nationalist agitators to impose on their country a system of administration made familiar in Germany, Italy, and Spain.

Though moved by what they believe to be the best interests of Argentina, the Nationalists have scorned the slow stumblings of democracy towards a better life. They have preferred the illusions

of a better life imposed quickly and efficiently by tear gas, imprisonment, censorship and police terror. Having chosen the methods of fascists (including South American fascists), the Nationalists isolated Argentina from its neighbors and the Allies. The belated break with the Axis has not ended suspicions.

The real danger of isolation lies not in what other countries can or will do, but rather in what happens to one's own thinking. In the case of Argentina, isolation is producing a persecution complex, which in turn demands posturings, threats, illogical policies to overcompensate for the alleged persecutions. Isolation is inducing a complex of strangulation as potentially explosive as Japan's or Germany's. Though the Nationalists may hate and disown the word fascism, they have played true to the familiar fascist pattern. They have generally followed the lines laid down by the Axis-controlled and financed press led by the notorious *El Pampero* and *Cabildo*.

As distinguished from the Nationalist program, which though odious to democrats is at least geared to domestic reforms, the Nazi-financed propaganda has had only two aims — to create embarrassing diversions for the United States and to deepen the rifts in the

Pan-American front. The Nazi investment, as is well known, has had considerable success.

Despite the overwhelming force today in the hands of the military running Argentina, Nationalism is not yet firmly established. There are lots of Argentines who have no intention of allowing their country's democratic processes to die without a struggle.

### III

Argentina today is roughly divided into two camps. On the side of Nationalism are the military, the middle class and, there is ample reason to believe, the Church. Against Nationalism are the labor unions (including communists), the intellectuals and the vast majority of the press. Between the two, ranging like ghosts, are the land-owning aristocracy who would like to guess in which direction the muddy waters of Argentine politics will next swirl.

Argentina is overwhelmingly Catholic. The Nationalist press has consistently claimed support of the Catholic Church, which has not clearly disowned it. Immediately after the June 4 revolution, Father Wilkinson, an army chaplain descended of American forefathers, appeared briefly as presidential

secretary. He only returned to his barracks at the insistence, it is said, of Cardinal Copello, Archbishop of Buenos Aires. Another Nationalist prop appeared to be Monsignor Franceschi, editor of an excellently presented Catholic weekly called *Criterio*. He wrote extensively on the revolution and has been roundly congratulated in print by President Ramirez for his support of Nationalist principles.

Yet the Church cannot be said to be unanimous in its support of Nationalism. For instance, Bishop de Andrea, a social-minded and much loved prelate, has never concealed his opposition to the abandonment of democratic, constitutional processes. His attitude was so open that the Buenos Aires police refused him permission to deliver a public lecture last October.

The Nationalists have sought to enlist Church support by making religious education in state schools obligatory, though freedom of worship and lay education are guaranteed by the constitution of 1860. The great daily, *La Prensa*, as a rule a defender of Catholic Church policies, has unequivocally opposed the extension of religious education. So has *Vanguardia*, valiant mouthpiece of the Socialist Party. The opposition of the great Argentine press, however, has not

deterred the Ramirez government from introducing religious education in state schools far beyond what was being done under Castillo. The Argentine man in the street is convinced the Church does support Nationalism, which is the important fact politically.

The landowning aristocracy at first supported Nationalism. All seemed to be going their way under Presidents Justo and Castillo. Nationalism seemed a means of bolstering their hold on Argentine life. Nationalism offered the hope that its fascist methods of mass and public opinion control would continue the landowning aristocracy's corporate monopoly, which during the nineteenth century replaced their feudal monopoly of colonial days. Now, however, they are not so sure. Nationalism has a nasty way of getting out of hand. The landed aristocrats have been returning to the "democratic" camp, where they feel that though concessions will have to be made to labor, their position is not subject to arbitrary destruction without appeal to law.

Indications now are that there is almost complete unity among the opposition to the Ramirez government. It is only a question of time before some real test of strength forces a showdown. If this show-

down comes to an armed break, if monstrous civil war should come, the coalition against Nationalism must necessarily seek its vital leadership in the Left. Only thus can popular support be mobilized. The swing to the extreme Left in Argentina may be even faster than it was in Spain.

An American who has lived among them long cannot bring himself to believe that the Argentine people wish our defeat in the war. They have been caught in whirlpools created by convulsions in their historical growth. The drama of Argentina — and in a sense of all Latin America — today is in the fact that both Nationalists and their Left opponents see the same major overhauling of the social and economic structure of the country. The cleavage is largely on whether the job shall be done by democratic or authoritarian means.

The terrible blot marked against Argentina is that the Nationalists should have precipitated the most acute period of their revolution precisely at a time when the world is at war. To achieve what they believe right and just they adopted methods odious to us and typical of our enemies. To promote their fanatic purposes, they lined their country against us when we were fighting for our lives — and theirs.

## CLINICAL NOTES

### THE *Esquire* AFFAIR

WHEN Postmaster General Walker revoked the second class mailing privileges of the magazine *Esquire*, he put all periodicals and newspapers in America on notice. In effect he warned every publisher and editor "to behave — or else!" with himself as the sole and final judge of such behavior.

Now there is nothing especially remarkable about his action. This is not the first time that an official has assumed arbitrary powers beyond the law — it's in the nature of the breed and our whole Constitutional set-up is theoretically intended to protect us against such arrogations. If he can make his decision stick, more than freedom of the press will be endangered. The fundamental American idea of government by law, not by functionaries, will have been violated.

At a time when the efficacy of democratic procedures is being questioned by totalitarian minds, this episode is more serious than appears on the surface. It deserves to be made a test case in the fateful struggle now under way between

popular government and bureaucratic power.

It should be borne in mind that *Esquire* was first brought up on specific charges of obscenity and cleared by a Post Office board which had called expert witnesses and heard a lot of testimony. Had its mailing rights been cancelled on the original charge after a fair hearing, we might have disagreed with the verdict but no basic democratic principles would have been involved. But Mr. Walker, stymied by the legal procedure, changed his tactics. He proceeded to bar the magazine on his personal ruling that it does not make any "special contribution to the public welfare" and therefore is not entitled to the mailing privileges — this after the magazine had been publishing for ten years!

What assurance have we that Mr. Walker, or one of his successors, may not define public welfare arbitrarily to strike at any other publication that he disapproves? In the present instance, the Postmaster's moral sensibilities seem to have been hurt. In the next instance, it may be his political or esthetic feelings that



are offended; or he may simply be allergic to a particular literary, intellectual or even typographical style. As long as one man remains the judge of any paper's or magazine's right to share in a general privilege, freedom of press is an empty phrase.

The saddest part of the whole episode is the timid or complacent spirit in which the Postmaster's high-handedness has been received by the press of the nation. There have been many editorials, of course, but not the kind of hard-hitting, continuous campaigns which American journalism is so capable of conducting. Here is an administrative act that flouts the First Amendment to the Constitution on which a free press rests — but the press itself remains strangely smug and apathetic.

— E. L.

#### ON A CERTAIN CONDESCENSION . . .

THE uproar caused by the recent New York *Times* survey, which revealed an appalling ignorance of American affairs among boys and girls of college age, has been challenged on statistical and other grounds. It did, however, bring to the fore, though indirectly, how little most of us know of our cultural heritage. The blame for a large part of this lack, it seems to

at least one observer, is to be put at the door of our educators and writers. As a nation we still practice a certain condescension toward our own contributions to the arts and sciences. Even the best of our universities and colleges offer very few courses in American literature, history, architecture, painting, or music, and little effort is made by the university authorities to encourage students to take them. Because of this attitude, the instructors in these courses are generally of an inferior quality, far below those in other fields. Those outside the academic world who concern themselves with our culture have done not much more to spread a love for or even an understanding of it. We still have no adequate history of American literature; Parrington's *Main Currents in American Thought* touched upon literature only in passing. We still have no satisfactory study of our music, architecture, painting, science, political theory.

In the silly twenties it somehow became the fashion to sneer at ourselves and all our products. The more sober years that have followed should have taught us to look upon ourselves in a truer light. A country that can count as its own such men and women as Jefferson, Madison, Melville, Thoreau, Emily

Dickinson, Whitman, Cather, Frank Lloyd Wright and George Washington Carver, to mention only a few names that come to mind, has ample reason to be proud of itself, and it is time our writers began to take account of the cultural riches in their own land. The true appreciation of intellectual and spiritual eminence, like charity, should begin at home.

— C. A.

#### THE GERMAN WOMAN

A UNIQUE and subtle problem, encountered in no other Axis country, will confront Allied forces entering a defeated Germany. Students of Nazi social psychology know that the women of Germany, nurtured in the warped moral atmosphere of the past twenty-five years, may yet prove among the most difficult of all stumbling-blocks in the reconstruction of a defeated Third Reich.

Ever since the last war, circumstances have compelled increasing numbers of German women to professionalize their sex. Immediately after World War I, economic distress had made prostitution so widespread that strolling in the streets of Germany became a masculine hazard. Later, under the Weimar Republic, inflation made the oldest profession a refuge of more and more unfortunates. Of Ger-

many's eleven million fighting men, besides, over seven million had become war casualties. To these were added at least seven million unemployed. Inevitably, the women of Germany turned away from their bare cupboards and opened the doors of their homes to guests who could pay for hospitality-plus.

When the Nazis came to power in 1933, their "new ideas of morality" set an official stamp of approval upon this tragic national development. Woman's biological significance was extolled in government decrees, and virginity was denounced as treason.

Another German defeat will unquestionably intensify this unprecedented moral psychology. When the last gun is fired, one-fourth of all German men between eighteen and fifty will be dead, and perhaps another third will come back crippled. Obviously this will bring a new harvest of frustrated women in an environment hardly conducive to easy restraint.

This is the super-charged territory into which the victors will have to venture before long. Solution of the problem will require delicate handling. Before conservative standards can be restored, normal channels of activity must obviously be reestablished.

ALBERT A. BRANDT

# If you punched a clock



**I**F YOU PUNCHED a time clock on going to bed, and again on arising, how many hours would your time card show?

Authorities say that adults need daily at least eight hours of sleep or rest in bed — and that children need consider-

# When you went to bed

bly more. This is especially true in these strenuous wartime days.

**Refreshing sleep** comes more easily when you slow down and relax *before* bedtime. Try to forget your worries. They result in tension that defeats sleep. Try to have your bedroom dark, quiet, and well-ventilated. Bed clothing that weighs too heavily is an enemy of sleep. So is too much food, either solid or liquid, just before bedtime.

If you have difficulty getting to sleep, remember that complete relaxation is the next best thing. Relaxing physically means letting yourself "go limp all over." It is the exact opposite of tenseness.

**You can teach yourself** to relax. First, learn to recognize tenseness wherever it occurs in the body. Then, practice letting the tense muscles go limp. Try it at odd moments during the day—it is the secret of conserving energy.

Plenty of sound, *undisturbed* sleep is especially important to workers on a night shift. Someone—usually it will be the wife or mother—must take responsibility for planning the night worker's schedule on an orderly, regular basis. His bedroom should be away from family activity. A screen between window and bed will help shut out light. Some night workers have found that they go to the job more refreshed if they take

their hours of sleep just before their working hours, rather than just after.

**Healthy, normal sleep** permits your heart, lungs, and other vital organs to "loaf" along. The body can then mend its worn-out tissues and build new ones. Your full quota of sleep should give you the renewed energy to carry you through the next day feeling well, working efficiently, and in good spirits.

To help you meet the increased pressure and strain of these busy days, Metropolitan will send you, on request, a free copy of a folder, "Relax and Revive."

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# THE MASK

## *A Story*

By RAY IRVING

PRINT turned his car into the road-stand beside the swimming pool and asked for a bottle of orange, "If the fizz is in it."

"Haven't had too much trouble with it this summer," said the big, aproned man with the straying left eye, "although it's hard to get this year."

Print took his orange and the evening paper into the room at the back of the stand. There was a blue oilcloth on the table. It was in squares of two designs, endlessly repeated. In one was a girl with a bonnet swinging from her wrist and in the other a bed of geometric tulips behind a precise white picket fence.

"Hello."

Print looked up. "Yes," he said, blankly.

The voice came from a tall,

tanned girl in a bra and swimming trunks. They were wet and blue and made of some affectionate material which in no way altered her form. Print felt a dryness in his throat.

"Don't you remember me?" she said disappointedly. She was neither bold nor timid. "You dropped in at the lodge last year for a sandwich before that golf match you won. I didn't know then who you were but the next day I saw your picture in the paper. I felt kind of famous myself. I thought, I gave him his lunch the day he won the cup."

"Why, yes," said Print, "but you're changed, older somehow."

"A whole year."

She sat down, still eating the double-dip cone, biting it like an adult, not licking. A girl in a dress-

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RAY IRVING was born in Nebraska, and brought up in California and Texas. He studied law at Columbia, and lives at present in the East. He is married and has a son. He has written extensively along other lines than fiction, but this is his first published short story.

maker suit tripped in and asked for a taste. "Why'd you get chocolate?"

The new girl kept glancing at Print, then at her friend, waiting. "Aren't you going for a dip?"

"Yes, later." There was dismissal in her tone. The girl left, an angry swish in her walk.

"Would you like a part of the paper?" Print asked, shoving the first section toward her across the tacky oilcloth squares.

"Please," she said. Her eyes were blue, not smoky blue but clear blue. They seemed unusually bright, probably because the sun had made her face the shade of dark honey. Her hair was the color of new rope.

"Aren't there any boys around?"

"No, they've gone. There are a few down at Lake Holly but we can't crash the place."

"Exclusive are they?"

"Very. . . . But we don't care." She seemed to mean it.

The fat man with the undisciplined eye left the stand and passed through the room on his way to the lodge across the street.

"Call me if there are any customers," he said.

Funny what she's doing to me, thought Print. I'm like some college kid all over again. He bent over his paper.

"Going to stay long?" Marge asked.

"Two weeks," Print replied, looking up. "Kay and the boys have been up all summer."

"I know," she said, "I've seen them at the stand, although I've missed them lately."

"They went up to Syracuse last week. Kay's father is very sick. I'm staying with the Rankins until they return. Their cottage is next to ours."

Marge returned to her paper, leaning over it, her breasts firm and young and mature against the tight bra. She was reading the article about the Danes blowing up their warships. Lot like a Dane herself, big and direct and that cool north light in her face — like Ingrid Bergman.

"It's been dull this year," Marge said, "not like last year at all."

"The war has changed everything."

"That's why I'm taking up nursing next month," she added.

"I thought you were in college."

"I ought to be but I was delayed two years, working. Father died suddenly. . . . I don't regret working, teaches you a lot about life. Lets you see it with the mask off. You grow up fast."

"That's so, I guess," said Print, wondering just what mask she had torn from the face of life. The statement seemed to create a bond

between them. He wondered if she knew how candid and intimate her glance was as she said it. She seemed to forget her beauty as she talked, as though she had laid it aside and was meeting him without it; but remembering it too and would give it to him if he asked or signalled that he cared.

"How about your gas?" she shifted the subject. "Has it been hard to get?"

"I've enough for this trip and maybe a little more."

"Ever go for rides?" She said it as though cars and rides were part of the vast wealth of life; but Print seemed to feel something more beneath the question, a delicacy of feeling, or a door through which he might walk if he wanted to. It seemed to hold possibilities. Words were beginning to stand for more than what they were.

"No," said Print, "not unless I have a legitimate errand."

Marge was very still. She had the gift of a natural quietness, almost a physical resignation. Just the type that always bothered me, he thought. The type of person to rest in, always meeting things slowly. Slowness is beauty. Who said that? My glass is empty and I ought to be at dinner now. The Rankins always eat early at the cottage.

## II

He looked out the window, first at the dark ring of burned grass and ashes around a blackened drum where the garbage was destroyed. His dark eyes lifted toward a distant wooded ridge. Sussex county is as beautiful as anything in the east. His glance came back and rested on her head which was still bent over the paper. Her hair was parted tightly up the middle as though it had been painted in place. He almost reached out to touch it.

"Maybe," Print said, the words not pushed by himself out of his dry throat but pulled out of him by her quietness. "Maybe I'd go for one ride more."

"You would?" Marge said. There was color in her tone, the tint of interest but firmly controlled. But her body seemed to say more than her voice. There was a suspended physical delight in her lassitude. Print could see that now. Her arms had slipped into her lap and her shoulders sagged gently. Yet she was rested and waiting. The sun and water had prepared her for passion. And she knows what it means.

The conviction seemed to burn a hole in his brain.

"When?" she asked.

"Oh, probably tonight."



Marge said nothing but her head came up, poised, and she seemed to stiffen. Print stood up and she rose. He saw her suit now was dry but her figure seemed even more beautiful. She was very tall. He was glad that he could look straight across the top of her exquisite head. She seemed to be waiting, or was she just hesitating? Ophelia's words rang in his burning brain:

The expectancy and rose of the fair state,

The glass of fashion and the mould of form.

Absurd. I'm building fantastic ideas out of nothing. That's not about a woman. That's a description of Hamlet. Come to think of it, he was a Dane but there was no cool north light in his spirit. What would be a description of me? Something in terms of decay, of dallying with decadence, perhaps Mann's Gustav Aschenbach. He felt a fatal lure. But this is not *Death in Venice*; this is Life in a cool country night — the quest for meaning behind a torn mask.

Print started for the car. "Good-bye," he said.

"Good-bye." She held the final vowel and let it dip in tone, not caressingly but with an inflection which said: you need not explain, I understand, and if you decide I'll be waiting.

He drove quickly to the Rankins, his practiced hand steering the car with a concentrated clarity and added skill over the narrow, gravelled road. Dinner passed quickly but over him was the pale cast of thought mingled with desire. The mask of life? What did she mean? He formulated his regrets against the moment when he would need them. He would leave after dinner. Laura would understand. She was always understanding. Too understanding. He was astonished to find his voice so level, so matter of fact.

"Say, Laura," he began, "this has been splendid but sorry to say I simply must . . ."

The maid came in. "Telephone for you, Mr. Saunders."

Print lifted the receiver.

"Print? Is this you Print? This is Kay." There was a flutter in her voice. It always surprised him. Almost he had forgotten it. He had not heard it for a month. It was one of the first things about her he had fallen in love with. "Dad's better, much better. We're at Dover. Can you get us?"

Print shifted the car into second as he climbed the hill beside the road-stand. On a high stool outside in front of the counter sat a tall girl with tawny hair. Her dress was blue. She did not move as she saw the car pass by.



► *The White Paper spells  
black despair for Jews.*

## PALESTINE AND BRITISH POLICY

BY ELIAHU BEN-HORIN

SEVERAL times in the course of the war, the Middle East — the area stretching from the Eastern Mediterranean to the Persian Gulf — was in mortal danger. But today it is one of the safest regions on earth. Only a sudden collapse of the Allies in Europe or a disastrous reversal on the Russian front could again menace the Middle East. Despite the end of external dangers, however, the Middle East continues to be a most troublesome area. The disappearance of direct war threats, indeed, serves to accentuate the internal rivalries, hatreds and cross-ambitions. For there is no doubt that the pattern of Middle Eastern politics is about the most complex in the world.

Had the region been permanently conquered by the Axis, it would have been a death blow to the British Empire. No other single defeat, except the fall of the British Isles, could equal in effect

the loss of the Middle East. One can visualize the survival and even the flourishing of the Empire without its Far Eastern possessions, without Canada or some other Dominion, but it is almost impossible to picture Britain as a world empire without the Middle East. Geographically and strategically, the section is the "Grand Central" of the universe. No empire based on sea power, as Great Britain is, could maintain its ascendancy with that crucial hub in unfriendly hands.

This must be kept in mind for a better understanding of recent events in the Middle East and of Britain's policy in relation to Palestine. After the first World War, Britain succeeded in strengthening considerably her predominance in the Middle East. Through protectorates and mandates, or by treaties and subsidies, it secured outright control or dominating influence over Egypt, Palestine and Trans-

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Jordan, Iraq, Aden and Hadhramaut, Kuwait, the Bahrain Islands and Saudi Arabia. But for two restrictions, Britain would have exercised that total control over the whole area, which has been the ultimate goal of British policy for more than a century. Since the fortunate turn in this war, all the efforts of British foreign and colonial policy are focussed on the elimination of those two restrictions: (1) France's mandate over Syria and Lebanon, and (2) international recognition of Jewish rights to Palestine.

It is no longer a secret that the recent troubles in Syria and Lebanon had Britain's blessings. The moment seemed propitious for the erasure of French influence in the Levant. If France could have been forced to surrender its League of Nations mandate over Syria and Lebanon, Britain would have achieved two purposes with one blow. First, France would have lost her only stronghold in the Middle East, with Britain supplanting French influence in the Levant; second, and no less important, a precedent would have been set for abolition of international mandates in wartime without waiting for peace conferences or other postwar action. Britain almost succeeded in obtaining her objective in Syria. France was obliged to grant inde-

pendence to Syria and Lebanon but on terms whereby she still preserves a certain measure of control and influence.

The Palestinian policy of Great Britain has to be viewed in the light of its main purpose — unrestricted dominance over the whole Middle East — to understand its convolutions. The question as to why Britain is so anti-Zionist can be answered only by an examination of British aspirations in the Middle East. The answer certainly cannot be found in traditional anti-Semitism, because Britain is the least anti-Semitic of nations. For many generations, in fact, England has rightly been considered the protector of Jewry. The English were great admirers of the people of the Book and firm supporters of Jewish national renaissance in Palestine.

Similarly, it would be an oversimplification to say that the pro-Arab sentiment among British imperialists is stronger than pro-Zionist sentiment. This may well be true, but only because British imperialists are more certain of their ground when they promote Arab kingdoms and federations. They feel sure of their ability to control the Arabs indefinitely, but have no such sense of certainty about a Jewish Palestine. They are afraid

that an independent Jewish State may one day align itself with the United States or Russia or France.

In the Middle East, as in many other situations, British imperialism prefers to play safe — to join hands with backward elements who, they believe, for a long time to come will be unable to rise against Britain, rather than with progressive elements who never can swear unconditional allegiance to British imperialists' interests. At bottom that is why Britain has done its utmost to prevent a speedy transformation of Palestine into a Jewish State. The greater the zeal displayed by Jews in colonizing the little country, the more immigrants and dollars they poured into its development, the more frigid has been British policy.

## II

The soft-pedaling of the Zionist enterprise began soon after the issuance of the Balfour Declaration in the first World War and the awarding of the League of Nations mandate over Palestine to Britain. The White Paper of 1939, which now holds the center of the Palestinian controversy, is not the first anti-Zionist statement of policy issued by Great Britain. It is only the latest in a consistent series.

In 1922 Winston Churchill, then Colonial Secretary, issued a White Paper which led to the exclusion of Transjordan from the area of the Jewish National Home. Transjordan is three and a half times the size of Western Palestine (34,749 square miles against about 10,000 miles), a considerable part of it fertile land with good irrigation possibilities. The impact of the blow dealt to Zionism by Churchill can therefore be readily recognized. Neither Transjordan nor Palestine has ever recovered from that blow. Transformed into an Arab Emirate under a British mandate, Transjordan remained the most stationary of all Arab political units in the Near East, with about 300,000 Bedouins roaming the land, leading a primitive, nomadic existence and unable to develop the country agriculturally, industrially or any other way. Meanwhile Zionism, by being stopped at the Jordan, was put into a territorial strait-jacket and prevented from speedy expansion through large-scale immigration and colonization.

Even more drastic was the second White Paper, decreed in 1930 by Lord Passfield. This document imposed a severe curtailment of Jewish immigration and colonization in Western Palestine and a series of other restrictions on legiti-

mate Zionist rights and aspirations. Only after a vast upsurge of protest in the Jewish world, with American Zionists in the lead, did Prime Minister Ramsay MacDonald act to soften the provisions of the Passfield orders.

A detail worth noting, as a characteristic feature in the unfoldment of anti-Zionist policy by the Colonial Office, is this: Every White Paper was preceded by riots and pogroms in Palestine. The pogrom of 1920 in Jerusalem and of 1921 in Jaffa, Kefar-Saba and other Jewish settlements, paved the way for Churchill's document. The Arab attacks in Jerusalem, Hebron, Safed and other places in 1929, spreading into bloody rioting all over the country, served as prelude to the Passfield White Paper. The riots of 1936-37, which amounted almost to an Arab-Jewish civil war, provided the background for the most definite and most pronounced anti-Zionist turn in British policy for Palestine.

Has the timing of these events been purely accidental?

Following the last outbreak of violence, in 1937, Great Britain attempted to impose a partition plan on Palestine that would have closed the major part of Western Palestine to Jewish colonization. Then, in 1939, after a lot of con-

ferences, debates and anti-Zionist demarches, came the latest White Paper, issued by Colonial Secretary Malcolm MacDonald. This was the crowning effort, aiming at a final liquidation of Zionism.

The White Paper of 1939, which is today the focal center of British-Jewish disputes, provided for an additional immigration of only 75,000 Jews up to March 31, 1944, after which date further Jewish immigration into Palestine would depend on the consent of the Palestinian Arabs. In other words, unless the White Paper is abrogated at the very last moment, Jewish immigration is to stop this March and the Jewish population of Palestine — about 550,000 as against one million Arabs — is to be frozen in the status of a minority.

Other provisions of the MacDonald White Paper restricted the land-purchasing and colonization rights of Jews. Indeed, though the League Mandate (in Article 6) obliged the Mandatory Power to "facilitate Jewish immigration" and encourage "close settlement of Jews on the land," thus according the Jews in that country a preferential position, the White Paper loaded restrictions on the Jews and the Jews alone. It turned the supposedly privileged colonizer into the pariah of Palestine, in clear

violation of the mandatory instrument.

This scuttling of a pledge to a small people, given by a Great Power and endorsed by all the civilized nations, would in itself tend to undermine faith in the imperialist nations. But the implications go even deeper. The events of the four tragic years that have elapsed since the White Paper was issued may well make the present anti-Zionist policy of Great Britain the touchstone of the integrity of the democratic idea in the world. Britain is called upon by history to answer the most tragic question of our epoch. If Britain, because of sheer imperialist considerations, fails to give the decent and the humane answer, it will be guilty of throwing a pall of doubts and cynicism around those fine principles for which our own and Britain's young men are making the supreme sacrifice. Moreover, Britain will be responsible for letting loose one of the profoundest and most disturbing movements of despair among the Jews of the world.

### III

The hopelessness of finding outside of Palestine a haven for the post-war Jewish emigration from Europe is so obvious that it hardly needs

proving. Mass Jewish immigration to the United States is out of the question. Liberal-minded American Jews and non-Jews alike recognize that an attempt to force such immigration upon the United States could only create anti-Semitism and boomerang against the millions of Jews already here. South Africa is no more hopeful and Canada has made no secret of its hostility.

The world is tightly locked to immigration in general, and to Jewish immigration in particular. At the same time few people acquainted with European realities have any doubt as to the immensity of the postwar emigration needs of European Jews. A small percentage of the surviving Jews of Poland, Rumania, Hungary, the Balkans, Germany and Austria will be reabsorbed into their own pre-war countries. The majority have been forever uprooted and must seek new homes. Where can they go? Unless Palestine is opened wide to them, they will have only the road of homelessness, degradation, despair.

Disregarding the moral and political imperatives of this situation, Great Britain seems to be determined to abide by the substance if not the form of the White Paper of 1939. The same Churchill who,

in May, 1939, branded the document as a "breach of faith" and a "unilateral denunciation of an engagement," declared in April 1943 that his Government would not deviate from the policy of the White Paper. Judging from many indications, a new scheme for the partition of Palestine is now in the making. The Jews apparently will be offered a slice of the area already colonized by them, plus the "Negeb" — the barren south of Western Palestine. All the rest of the country, with the possible exception of the Holy Places, will be handed over to the Arabs as a contribution to a larger, British-controlled Arab Federation.

Another index to some new anti-Zionist venture of the British Colonial Office is detected by Zionists in the persistent reports of impending bloodshed in Palestine. The familiar pattern of events seems shaping up once more. A correspondent of the London *Times* foretells riots and civil conflict. The Palestine Administration is actively engaged in searches for arms in Jewish settlements, in disarming the Jewish self-defense organization, and in staging trials against Jews possessing arms. This is an exact repetition of the familiar "softening up" tactics which have preceded every outbreak of

Arab violence in Palestine.

The Zionists believe that Britain is determined to scuttle the Jewish National Home and to take over the Middle East in its entirety. Whether it will succeed in this imperialist venture remains to be seen. Sometimes there is more strength in the black despair of the weak than in White Papers of the mighty. The Jews have displayed marvelous vitality through the ages. They may yet survive the unsavory intrigues of their friends, as they have always survived the blows of their enemies.

Decisions by Britain on this issue that ignore the views of other Allied nations would only encourage and underwrite unilateral decisions on other problems elsewhere. London must be made aware that Palestine is not a purely "domestic question." The United States of America endorsed the Balfour Declaration and the Mandate and therefore would share responsibility for any "breach of faith," to use Churchill's description, on England's part. Russia, too, may not welcome further imperialist expansion of the British in the Middle East. Other countries have interests in the "Grand Central" of the world. Britain does not have the only or the last word in the Palestinian situation.

# THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

## Sociology

### THE AMAZING BLIND

BY FRASER BOND

**A** METROPOLITAN editor facetiously remarked the other day that on the basis of publicity the general public must cherish the notion that the war was being won exclusively by the marines, the Catholics and the blind. The reason for the inclusion of the last group in this triumvirate is that newspapers from coast to coast have quickly spotted the human interest appeal in the stories that drift in to them of sightless men and women taking a useful part in the war program. Behind these headlines lies the fact that defense plants have seized on the highly developed sense of touch which many blind people possess and have put these men and women in jobs that demand tactile efficiency, and that civilian industry, faced by an acute labor shortage, has modified a long-established

prejudice and has begun to employ visually handicapped workers.

Today as a result, a hitherto almost untapped reservoir of labor finds itself suddenly being syphoned into a variety of occupations. In a New Jersey factory a blind man is employed making exceptionally small cores. Not only does he make them well; the management states unequivocally that he is the finest small core maker it has ever hired. In the salvage department of a Texas airplane plant a blind woman is considered one of their most valuable workers on the burr bench, where rough spots left on metal machine parts have to be detected and smoothed away. In the big shipyards in the State of Washington a blind man holds down a job as marine engineer; and at a large air depot in Pennsylvania another sightless chap works as a mechanic in the propeller

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**FRASER BOND** writes that he is a Canadian by birth and a New Yorker by choice.

*In 1926 he left the staff of the New York Times to become professor of journalism at Columbia University, where he remained until 1934. His interest in blind people and their problems dates from a few years back when cataract brought him a period of "personal dimout."*

division. This man, by the way, fitted himself for his job by taking the training course as a general mechanic at the Pennsylvania State School of Aeronautics, and secured the job at which he works through his own initiative.

Two blind women are working in airplane factories in Kansas City, one operating a stakon power machine and the other a riveting machine on sub-assembly. And in Los Angeles two blind men are among workers chosen to pass on the accuracy of bomb fuse parts so small that they require unusually close inspection. Officers of the Los Angeles Army Ordnance Headquarters reporting on the work of these men state that not only is their work above standard, but that they actually work faster than the sighted workers in their department.

For every blind worker who makes the headlines there are a score of others who never get into the news. Yet the jobs they are doing are quite as important, if less spectacular, than those selected for attention in the foregoing paragraphs. Even before bombs dropped on Pearl Harbor the American Foundation for the Blind, the national agency with which Helen Keller is closely connected, had listed one hundred occupations

which blind people had demonstrated that they could tackle. These ranged all the way from following the plow to filling the pulpit, from real estate operation to radio entertaining, from beekeeping to college teaching. For some time a few blind men and women in different parts of the country have been acting as telephone operators at small office switchboards equipped with sound signals instead of the usual light flashes. For years blind girls have been working as dictaphone operators in agencies and organizations that had sufficient faith in their ability to employ them. Many blind men carry on successfully as professional osteopaths; and there are a few instances of men and women operating calculating machines equipped with Braille symbols.

Now, with our sighted population being more and more drained to serve in the armed forces and to take jobs in essential war industries, blind men and women are being called upon in ever-increasing numbers to fill the vacancies thus caused. Tasks that were once considered the sole province of the seeing are now being performed, and performed with great competency, by the sightless.

There are many instances of blind people working as folders in



laundries, packers in candy and food factories, and stringers in jewelry shops. One blind man repairs meters for his local water department. Another works in a bakery, emptying flour sacks. Still another tests and repairs radios. A dress manufacturing company in Texas employs two blind girls to pin up finished dresses, and in the case of two-piece garments, to make sure the sizes match. In a large nursery out west, twenty-two blind boys are doing their bit to relieve the labor shortage. Equipped with leather-faced gloves and goggles to protect hands and eyes, they strip the leaves from raspberry bushes by sliding their hands from the base of each to the top, pull the plants from the ground, and prepare them for shipment. Of these twenty-two, seventeen are reported to be doing work above the average.

A twenty-one-year-old truck driver who lost his sight last year in a quarry blast is working in the mill of a nationally known breakfast food company operating an automatic sack filler. He has had two raises since he was placed in his present job last August, and is now earning from \$45.00 to \$53.00 per week, depending upon the amount of his overtime. So excellent is his performance that when

the industrial agent who was responsible for his placement called recently to see how the young man was getting along, the plant superintendent seized the opportunity to put in a request for an additional blind worker.

## II

Unfortunately for business and industry, the number of employable blind workers in the United States is relatively small. Of the estimated blind population of upwards of 200,000, only about 25 per cent, or 50,000, fall within the employable age group — that is, between the ages of nineteen and fifty years. Of that number, many are in need of vocational training and readjustment before they can be successfully placed in competition with sighted workers, and many more are rendered unemployable by reason of physical factors or handicaps in addition to that of blindness. Because of these varying factors, authorities in the field of work for the blind differ in their estimates of exactly how many sightless men and women are available for employment at the present time.

With the blind, as with all handicapped groups, there is always a percentage which, because of age or other factors, is unable to com-

pete in business and industry with seeing workers. But even these are shouldering their share of the country's burden. Agencies for the blind have for many years now been doing what they could do to provide employment for such workers in "sheltered shops" which concerned themselves chiefly with the making of brooms, the caning of chairs, and with various kinds of weaving. These shops, however, gave employment to only a limited number, since the handicrafts produced found only a limited market.

In 1938 this situation began to change with the passage of the Wagner-O'Day Act, which directed government departments to purchase certain of their commodities from workshops for the blind. The American Foundation for the Blind immediately established a non-profit allocating agency called National Industries for the Blind, to cooperate with the government purchasing agents in allocating their orders for the blind to the sheltered shops equipped to handle them. This machinery had hardly been set up when the pre-war defense program got under way. In no time, government orders began to pour in for deck swabs, pillowcases for use in training camps, khaki trousers, and other articles which the sheltered shops could

supply. As a result, in fifty-four such shops in twenty-nine states, upwards of 2500 sightless men and women are now busily and profitably engaged. Of this number, 600 have joined the wage-earning group for the first time in their lives.

Before 1941 there were few employers who would even consider employing a blind workman. Now all that has changed. Faced with a labor shortage, and convinced finally that there are certain jobs which the blind can do as well, and sometimes better, than sighted workers, they are turning with greater and greater frequency to the ranks of the sightless to fill jobs in factory and workshop. The Ford Company has publicly announced that for a long time it has believed in and practiced the utilization of physically handicapped workers. Today this company employs some 1200 totally or partially blind men and states that all these handicapped workers give full value for their wages and carry out their tasks without expecting or receiving any special consideration.

There is a striking unanimity of opinion on the part of employers everywhere concerning their blind workers. All agree that they are doing a fine job, and comment on the extraordinary powers of con-

centration which they seem to possess. Freedom from visual distractions is, of course, one of the reasons for this power to concentrate. But added to this is the knowledge on the part of the blind worker that in order to make good

he must concentrate, must give all his thought to the job in hand.

War has opened the door of opportunity to the sightless. Through earnest effort and proven efficiency they are now striving to make sure that Peace will not close it.

## Dancing

### AMERICA GOES BALLET

BY ARTHUR BRONSON

AMERICA has become ballet conscious. A comparatively recent acquisition to the entertainment world — only eleven years old, or since the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo came to these shores in 1933 — ballet is now an integral part of the national scene. Two major ballet companies are on cross-country tours this season, while a half-dozen smaller troupes are similarly twirling over the landscape.

The Ballet Theatre, with a personnel of over a hundred, has been touring from New York to Los Angeles, touching at such way points as York, Pennsylvania, and Joplin, Missouri, as well as cities like Philadelphia and Chicago, to take in ninety-five towns by the end of March.

The Ballet Russe de Monte

Carlo, with a cast headed by Alexandra Danilova, Igor Youskevitch, Frederic Franklin and Ruthanna Boris, is also out on a full season's tour, embracing metropolis and whistle-stop from New England to the West Coast.

And following in their dance-steps are the less pretentious groups. The Spanish dancer Argentinita and her ensemble, Martha Graham and her modern dance troupe, and Katherine Dunham and her Negro *Tropical Revue*, are all touring this season. Edwin Strawbridge and his company are out on a transcontinental jaunt with a program entitled, "America Dances," a kind of history of the United States in dance form. Mia Slavenska, the lovely Yugoslav star of the film *Ballerina* and former leading dancer of the Ballet Russe, is touring the country with her own ensemble. For one Devi Dja and her Bali

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dance-group that fall by the wayside in Chicago and have to open a restaurant to keep alive, four or five new groups crop up and prosper.

This by no means completes the picture. Ballet has proved so popular that it no longer is strictly the province of the concert hall and opera house. The legitimate theatre, movies, vaudeville houses, night clubs and even the circus, have gone in for the art, raiding the ballet troupes for artists and copying their art for their material. Dancing in musical comedy has taken on a new trend, influenced by the ballet.

The most striking thing about the Theatre Guild's musical hit, *Oklahoma!*, is the thirty-minute ballet that closes the first act, an essential part of the music-play's story. The saving grace of an otherwise dull musical revival now touring the mid-West, *The Waltz King*, is a twenty-minute ballet in the second act.

Pert ballerinas, indeed, are lightly tripping all through the Broadway musicals. This season's smash hit, *One Touch of Venus*, snared slant-eyed Sono Osato from the Ballet Theatre for a featured role. The talk of that musical bonanza, *Oklahoma!*, are Marc Platoff of the Ballet Russe and Katharine Ser-

gava of the Ballet Theatre. *The Merry Widow*, another Broadway hit, has Mlada Mladova, Chris Volkoff and Lubov Roudenko, all charmed away from the Ballet Russe; while *Early to Bed*, a money-winner all year, boasts George Zoritch of the Ballet Russe and Jane Deering of the American Ballet.

The aforementioned *The Waltz King* has diminutive Tatiana Riabouchinska, from the original Ballet Russe. And glamorous Irina Baronova, one-time Ballet Russe star who recently was the guest-artist in a stage show at New York's Roxy Theatre, is the ballerina for the forthcoming musical, *Follow the Girls*.

The current trek from ballet to Broadway is more pronounced in the list of choreographers turned musical-comedy dance-directors. Dancer-choreographer Agnes de Mille staged the ballets for *Oklahoma!* and *One Touch of Venus*. George Balanchine did the same for *Rosalinda*, *The Merry Widow*, and *What's Up*. Charles Weidman staged two numbers for Vinton Freedley's *Jackpot*. Leonide Masine of the Ballet Russe, did the choreography for Michael Todd's *Hayride*, and Helen Tamiris acted in a similar capacity for *Marianne*.

## II

What has taken ballet out of the high-brow into the popular field is the first-class entertainment it has become — varied, colorful, dramatic and complete. A *Gaite Parisienne* with its can-can is as boisterous as a burlesque show. A *Bluebeard* with its wholesale homicides is as hilarious as *Arsenic and Old Lace*. A choreographic *Romeo and Juliet* in its intensity rivals the drama of a stage *Othello*.

The awakened interest in ballet hasn't been so much a revelation as a rediscovery. Modern-day interest was first piqued back in 1910 when the incomparable Anna Pavlowa and Mikhail Mordkin made a successful debut at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York. Then, in 1916, the Metropolitan invited impresario Serge Diaghileff to bring the first complete Russian ballet company to America — with banker Otto Kahn, the Metropolitan's financial backer in his day, acting as guarantor. The company's top-notch dancers included the fabulous Nijinsky, Adolph Bolm, and the up-and-coming Leonide Massine. The élite came, the great masses stayed away, and Mr. Kahn was nicked for \$350,000. And big-time ballet slipped from sight for almost twenty years.

Then impresario Sol Hurok saw a Russian ballet troupe in Monte Carlo in 1933, brought them to America — and the modern era started. Interest grew slowly but steadily. And in five years, between New York and concert series in the hinterland, Hurok had built up ballet into a million dollar business. In a seven-week season in New York last spring alone, the Ballet Theatre grossed \$350,000.

The company that was imported in 1933, the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, had such dancers as Leonide Massine (from the old Diaghileff group), Alexandra Danilova and David Lichine as its stars and an extraordinary group of "baby ballerinas," among them Tamara Toumanova, Tatiana Riabouchinska and Irina Baronova. Colonel Wasily de Basil was its general director. By 1938 the troupe had split into two. One, headed by Massine, with Danilova and Mia Slavenska as its stars, still called itself the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo. The other, in charge of Colonel de Basil, had the "baby ballerinas" and took to itself the name of Original Ballet Russe. Massine's group toured this country, while de Basil's company went off to Australia and South America.

Four years ago a young Princeton graduate named Richard Pleas-

ant and an old-time Russian-English impresario, Alexander Kahn, formed the Ballet Theatre to promote American ballet. The cream of the ballet world was enrolled: Fokine, Mordkin, Bolm, Dolin, Tudor and Loring for choreographers; Agnes de Mille, Patricia Bowman, Nana Gollner, Karen Conrad, Nora Kaye, among others, for its dancers. New York critics welcomed them as a major art group. Two years ago Massine and Alicia Markova joined the Ballet Theatre, and, although the war and extraneous conditions have brought many changes, the Ballet Theatre is still the most important company in the western dance world. Its dancers are mainly home-grown. Where ten years ago three out of four girls in a ballet troupe were Russian, or certainly European, today three out of four are American.

Of this season's Ballet Theatre principals, Lucia Chase is a Connecticut Yankee; Rosella Hightower is a quarter-blood Indian from Oklahoma, and Nora Kaye

a one-time nightclub chorine from New York City. Karen Conrad and Miriam Golden are two Littlefield Ballet products from Philadelphia. Janet Reed, descended from early settlers of the far West, is from Oregon. Typical of other dancers, Maria Karnilova and Rozsika Sabo, despite their foreign-sounding names, are Americans, the former born in Hartford, Connecticut, the latter in Chicago. The few foreign-born dancers with the Ballet Theatre only add the sauce that flavors a Yankee dish — Alicia Markova from England (out of the company some months now with an injury); Andre Eglevsky from Moscow; Hugh Laing from the Barbados, and Simon Semenoff from Latvia.

Not only has ballet come to America to stay; Americans have taken over ballet — and in the not too distant future it will be possible to speak of an American ballet with the same respect with which one has hitherto spoken of Russian or Parisian ballet.



*I*T seems incredible — 35,000,000 laws, and no improvement on the Ten Commandments!  
— *Banking* (London)

# PREVIEW OF AMERICAN PUBLIC OPINION

BY EDWARD L. BERNAYS

*This article is based on a survey undertaken by the author for THE AMERICAN MERCURY. In analyzing for the first time what people are likely to think and do about the probable major issues in the immediate future, it represents an original departure in opinion polls. — THE EDITORS.*

THERE are widespread fears — voiced in editorials, radio comment, political speeches — that the American people in the immediate future may be so divided as to threaten the very foundations of our democratic society. The public has these misgivings as it sees strikes, racial clashes, political quarrels, and other seeming evidences of disunion. Nevertheless, on the basis of a careful and new type of opinion survey, I feel justified in asserting that the gloomy prophecies are false and unjustified. On the evidence before me I venture to forecast that the immediate future will find us a strongly united people.

The survey, representing an original attempt to estimate what American public opinion and public action will be in the next six

months or so, indicates clearly that we shall be in agreement as to what are the main issues facing the country, and almost unanimous in the determination to solve them along democratic lines.

Opinion polls ordinarily attempt to measure existing popular attitudes on public questions. By comparing these with past attitudes, they seek to trace trends in mass opinion and mass preference. The survey under consideration breaks away from this procedure. Geared to opinion on the immediate future, it did not pose specific questions and it did not poll the public as a whole. Instead it sought to determine (1) what would be likely to emerge as the chief issues of popular interest in the near future, and (2) what would be the prevailing

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view and action on each of these subjects.

I based the survey on a principle which I have tested thoroughly in the course of more than twenty-five years in the field of public opinion. Its validity is today generally accepted. I refer to the principle that the opinions held by group leaders in a democratic nation *today* become the mass opinion *tomorrow*. If we can succeed in ascertaining what those who mold public opinion believe now, we have a reliable preview of what public opinion and action will be later. Obviously, no one group of opinion makers, regardless how influential it may be, provides a sufficient guide to future general public opinion, but a representative sampling of all groups of opinion makers does provide it.

Thus where other polls test the attitudes of a cross section of the whole population, I addressed myself only to *a cross section of group leaders*. My poll covered an ample segment of the men and women who shape public thought and action in our country: editors and commentators who reach millions of minds, labor leaders, public officials, educators, publishers, outstanding business executives, writers, economists, physicians, ministers, heads of organizations of every

type. I gave them complete freedom in selecting the issues which they believe will be dominant in the next six months, in stating their views on these issues and in indicating what action they expect to take to make their views prevail among those whom they influence directly or indirectly.

The responses of these selected group leaders were gratifyingly full and frank. They represent every section of the country and every type of opinion molder.

## II

The survey disclosed what will be the five major issues in the public mind for the months ahead, and what will be the prevalent public opinion on these issues. Analysis showed that the five main subjects of public concern, in the order of their importance, will be:

1. Winning the war;
2. The cost of living;
3. International cooperation;
4. Race relations; and
5. Labor relations.

Three additional subjects, also in order of their importance, will be:

1. The 1944 elections;
2. The trend of the Federal government; and
3. Demobilization.

It is hardly necessary to elab-



orate upon the first two issues. Everybody will want to have the war won as quickly as possible. The people will want to follow the Commander-in-Chief and his aides in whatever they think best to bring the conflict to a speedy and victorious conclusion.

Everybody, naturally, will desire to have the cost of living reduced, with profiteers curbed and punished. But we can expect a divergence of popular opinion as to how the cost of living should be kept down and inflation combatted. A large sector of the public will favor wage controls and price controls and will put up with rationing to the limit.

On taxation there will be the usual cleavage of opinion. But even in the general field of taxation and finance I feel safe in forecasting unanimity of resolution to make all sacrifices decided upon. An industrial executive from Springfield, Massachusetts, was in effect offering a preview of future opinion when he wrote: "I will subscribe to the war loans to the limit, and pay taxes with as cheerful a grin as I can muster."

As for international cooperation, it seems clear that in the near future the vast majority of our people will continue to back the Moscow Pact. A few will be worried

about communism in America. It can be foreseen that many will be critical of Britain's colonial policies and Russia's expansionist policies. The overwhelming majority will be in favor of some international combination of peace-loving nations for collective security.

The American people in the coming months will also favor free trade, an international bank, an international police force and a World Court. On postwar boundary problems, our people will insist that the USA play an important rôle, with a view to avoiding future international conflicts. In short, on the basis of what molders of opinion believe at present, I can predict that Americans in the months ahead will frown on extreme isolationism and will support a greater participation in international affairs. I predict, as a corollary, that those who count on a great popular swing towards pre-war types of isolationism as a result of domestic discontents are deeply mistaken.

As an indication of the pattern of the coming public opinion, I cite a typical statement by a prominent Iowa Republican editor who writes, "I will give no aid and comfort to any isolationist trend in my party. The party will be as dead as a Dodo if any such attempt is made." This view is clearly dominant, though

there will be a distinct minority view, as evidenced in a comment such as this from a business man:

If you care for a prediction, next year will be a period of rapid ebb for internationalism in the United States, and a rapidly mounting tide of American nationalism. The reaction to the *One World* ballyhoo has already set in, and we may look for a return of old-fashioned patriotism.

I have no hesitancy in saying that most Americans within six months will favor the middle road between "old-fashioned patriotism" and "all-out internationalism."

Race relations will loom large in the public mind in the immediate future, because it already occupies a prominent place in the thinking of those who shape public opinion. People will be more worried about racial problems, though few permanent solutions will be forthcoming. The prevailing opinion on this issue will be moderate, sympathetic and democratic.

Americans as a whole will demand more economic and political opportunities for the Negro and a genuine amelioration of his status. There will be mounting public antagonism to the Southern poll tax. The people as a whole will be appreciably less concerned with the Jewish question, though a small percentage will intensify their anti-Jewish talk.

The texture of the emerging opinion may be judged by this typical statement by a Middle Western newspaper editor:

More and more efforts on the part of race-conscious folks and Jew-baiters to unload their ills on the Negroes and Jews — blame them for everything. It won't work. This country has a destiny and the undercurrent is for justice and right — we must have it, and the good people are determined to get it for every citizen.

In the domain of labor relations, it can be foretold that many people will ask for legislation calling for greater responsibility of union leadership, the incorporation of unions, quick Federal action on strikes in war plants and the re-drafting of the Wagner Act. We have a foretaste of public opinion in the following typical expression by a Washington, D. C., editor:

I hope that resentment among soldiers and civilians against unwise union tactics can be prevented from taking the form of a punitive attack on unorganized labor; believe attitude of labor leaders, in resisting moderate efforts to correct union abuses and require greater union responsibility, is contributing more to danger of such an attack than is the attitude of certain employers who hope for a union-busting era after the war.

Another facet of coming opinion on labor is revealed in the typical view of an Indiana labor official

discussing labor and postwar re-employment; he warns:

This question should be seriously considered now by the American people. After all wars, when men and women are unemployed, the employing class has nearly always, according to history, taken advantage of the labor market and has, very often, successfully destroyed the living conditions, wages, hours, etc., of the masses of the workers. We should now give serious thought to and make provisions not entirely dependent upon the government, that the millions of men and women engaged in the war directly or indirectly, shall have an opportunity to earn a living.

The country as a whole will urge amicable adjustment of differences. The prevailing opinion was voiced by an Ohio radio director:

A vast public education campaign is necessary here to remove prejudices between labor and management based on ignorance, and to get areas of agreement out in the open.

### III

On the 1944 election, as is to be expected in a democracy, there will be very sharp differences of opinion. The big issue will be Roosevelt and the tacit assumption seems to be that he will run for a fourth term.

Regarding the trend of the Federal government, the people in the coming months will almost unanimously demand the strengthen-

ing of democratic defenses against attempts, direct and indirect, for centralized control. A Boston newspaper editor expresses a typical future opinion when he calls for "more than lip service to our Constitution and Bill of Rights" and the imperative "need to make these alive and keep them alive for every inhabitant of this land. I forecast that the American people will be solidly behind the principle of free private enterprise."

The majority of the people will not insist on the quick demobilization of our troops. This is evident in leader opinions of which the following from a New Jersey editor is representative:

The government should resist the clamor to "bring the boys home" . . . in order to prosecute the Japanese war intensively, to maintain adequate military and naval garrisons throughout the world, and to make the demobilization of the millions in service very gradual.

The country will probably come out more definitely for universal military training after the war, and will insist that ex-service men be assisted in obtaining jobs and be given every educational opportunity to better their lot. They will also look favorably upon postwar planning — mostly by state and local governments rather than by the Federal government.

On all these eight issues, there will be no marked cleavages in the attitudes of various sections of the country. All sections will regard the five major and three additional subjects in pretty much the same order of importance. In the north-eastern states, labor relations will occupy an importance almost equal to the cost of living and international cooperation, while in the southeastern states the trend of the Federal government will assume more importance than in the rest of the country. In the north central states, race relations, particularly the Negro problem, will hold greater interest than elsewhere, as will be the case in the Pacific coast states, with the emphasis on the Japanese problem. But these variations of emphasis in public interests will be minor.

The survey discloses a considerable difference of emphasis on subject matter among the professions at present. For instance, educators are most interested in the cost of living, with international cooperation running a close second. Writers and lecturers are more concerned with race relations than any other issue. The same holds true for radio commentators and radio program directors. Liberals and labor leaders place their main emphasis on labor relations and racial prob-

lems. Public officials differ little in their thinking from the other groups. To most of them international cooperation and the cost of living appear to be the most potent issues.

In this survey, however, we were concerned not with what such molders of opinion think now but with what the great public, to whom their views will spread, will think in the immediate future. The notable fact that emerges is that despite variations in emphasis, group leaders are in agreement on what the issues will be and in their general attitude towards them. Most significant of all, *there is virtual unanimity among them to resort only to democratic processes in solving the problems that face the nation.* Less than one per cent revealed the slightest inclination to adopt revolutionary means.

All of which enables me to predict, for the next six months, a truly united country despite surface manifestations of disunion that make headlines. Crackpots, agitators and panicky individuals speak only for a small and negligible minority of the emerging American public opinion. The silent, deep-running opinion of the preponderant majority will present an almost unanimous devotion to winning the war and supporting democratic ways in politics and economics.

► *A mining town conquers  
the familiar drabness.*

## RAZZLE-DAZZLE VILLAGE

BY NATHAN COHEN

PHILIP MURRAY recently received the surprise of his life. The CIO president took his first trip into the Mesaba iron ore country of northeastern Minnesota, where his boys of the Steel Workers Union escorted him to Hibbing, a village of 16,000, which mines and ships enough iron ore each year to build a two-ocean navy for each of our Allies. Murray took one look at Hibbing, turned to his regional chief, Henry Burkhammer, and confided, "There is no such place."

The CIO leader was not the first person to be surprised at the goings-on in the village. Hibbing calls itself the iron ore capital of the world, and the most untypical mining village in the country, and its claim to these labels has never been seriously challenged. It is everything a mining town is not supposed to be, a hundred-million-dollar spot set in the backwoods. From its main street there isn't a

mine in sight. They are hidden by the million-dollar public buildings the villagers have built for themselves. There is no smoke, and no chimneys, because a village stoker fires the community furnace at a central heating plant. There's a big-town look to the ladies' ready-to-wear shops, and to the Emporium, the department store. At Sandy McHardy's place or Martinac's saloon, where the miners often congregate, there is no way of distinguishing a town merchant from an ore digger. The traditional lantern-topped miners' cap is completely out of place because the miners do not go underground to work. The iron ore lies so close to the surface they just scoop it up in electric shovels. It is this complete lack of mining-town atmosphere which makes tourists look over Hibbing like goggle-eyed farm boys on Broadway.

The villagers enjoy this business

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of surprising their guests. They escort them through their \$4,000,000 high school. They call it a high school. Actually it is an immense educational plant, covering seven acres, with facilities for teaching Hibbing's young ones from the kindergarten through two years of college. Artists commissioned by the school board have lined the corridors and library with murals illustrating the history of the country and the growth of the mining industry. The school has an auditorium which seats 1500 persons, a stage expansive enough to accommodate the largest traveling troupe, a movie-house pipe organ, a \$14,000 cut-glass chandelier, and velvet opera chairs. The auditorium is the school's showplace, but the building also has two gymnasiums, a natatorium where state swimming meets are held, a greenhouse for agricultural studies, machine shops and forges, and medical and dental clinics where periodical health checkups are given to each pupil.

Up the street from the high school is the quarter-million-dollar village hall modeled after Boston's Faneuil Hall, and the village's \$750,000 recreation building which has an indoor ice rink so large that big league professional hockey teams use it for preseason train-

ing. Here the villagers have their own bowling alleys, tennis courts, a little theater, and a variety of well-appointed lounges which are the meeting halls of the labor unions, fraternal lodges and veterans' groups.

Hibbing has an incredible layout of utility systems — power plant, gas plant, sewage disposal plant, municipal garbage collection, water service — all built and operated by the village board. Mining executives arrive by plane at a million-dollar airport, dine at the million-dollar Androy Hotel, and play golf on a country-style golf course. Village sports are played at not one but two stadiums, one for football and the other for baseball.

What the folks haven't built for themselves, they have had given to them. They have a 150-bed hospital, a gift from the United States Steel Corporation to the Catholic Order of Benedictine Sisters. Businessmen chipped in to build the Androy Hotel.

Hibbing has spent plenty to make itself a wonderland of municipal doo-dads. If you ask anyone along the main street how a village of 16,000 can afford to run itself in such first-fiddle style, the answer is simply, "We think only in millions up here."

## II

The truth is Hibbing does think only in millions. It has for more than three decades, ever since the home folks discovered they were sitting atop the biggest and richest chunk of iron ore in the world. From the day they struck it rich, they have been on a spending spree, with a paw deep in the tax pocket of the mine operators who pay the bill. "We feel this way about it," say the villagers. "Some day the ore will be gone. We might as well have a good time while it lasts, and get ourselves something to remember it by." They feel justified in spending every dollar they can get. They tax to the limit, and spend to the hilt, often to the accusing finger of state examiners who by this time have become somewhat discouraged trying to persuade the adoption of a few penny-pinching policies. The school board digs in for a cool million a year to keep the schools running. The council gets another million.

This razzle-dazzle sort of spending, of course, has not been done without an argument from the Steel Corporation and the independent operators who pay 95 per cent of the village taxes. In the last thirty years, the mining com-

panies have paid out \$64,000,000 to Hibbing. They have not been completely happy in their Santa Claus rôle, and Hibbing has been in court on more than one occasion to defend its tax-and-spend policy. Arguments have been carried right to the United States Supreme Court. There have been tax strikes and walloping legislative quarrels, and while the councilmen and school trustees have been deprived of some of their tax-levying fun through control legislation, Hibbing is still having a whale of a time on a couple of million a year.

The kind of money the village likes to spend comes from a whopper of a mine which has become the biggest hole man has ever dug. It is the fabulous Hull-Rust-Mahonning pit, at the edge of the village, now three miles long, a mile wide, and 410 feet deep. Although it is but one of a dozen mines within the village limits, it is by far the largest, and big enough in itself to produce each year more than a fourth of all the iron ore mined in the United States. The ore, running 50 to 65 per cent iron, is so rich the miners dig only the top grades and leave the rest either lying in the ground or piled in towering heaps at the edge of the pits. It is now dug at the rate of 27,000,000 tons a year, and since a lumber-

jack half a century ago jabbed a shovel into the spot to build himself a well — and struck iron instead of water — the property has shipped out more than 350,000,000 tons of mineral wealth worth a billion and one half dollars. And geologists report that there are 100,000,000 tons of iron ore left.

Most of the miners once lived atop the hole they are digging, and they still talk about the days when the whole village of Hibbing sat on the spot and watched itself being blasted off the map. Those were the days when Victor Power, a blacksmith, worked his way out of the mine, got himself a law education, and returned to get himself elected mayor nine consecutive terms. It was under his tutelage that Hibbing learned to spend. Power was the whoop-de-doo boy of the range country, the original boondoggler, a political virtuoso who was a Huey Long to the mine owners, an Abraham Lincoln to the miners and Santa Claus to building contractors and equipment salesmen. The moment Power sat himself in the mayor's chair, he went on a spending spree.

In no time he inspired his councilmen to levy an additional \$750,000 "to wipe out the village debt." By the end of his first year in office he not only had spent the

extra appropriation but had started enough new paving, sewer and street lighting jobs to run the village debt to a million. By the time he submitted his second budget, Hibbing was spending as much money as the state of Delaware. He didn't like the architecture of the little Carnegie-grant public library and replaced it with a building of his own design, costing a quarter million. He imported experts to design elaborate utility plants, put in forty miles of sewers and paved all the streets. He strung up countless street lights. He hired a police force of thirty men, and bought them imported Panama hats for summer days. Department chiefs drove around in nothing less than Pierce-Arrows. The fire station was equipped with quarter-sawed oak furniture, luxurious rugs, and an expensive pianola which tinkled out the popular melodies of the day.

### III

All this spending made the mayor a fabulous character. His name became synonymous with political power. But the miners worshipped him. They received every municipal convenience, and it didn't cost them a cent. The mayor held the businessmen by threatening to fire



any public employé who shopped through a mail-order catalogue, and he carried out his threat by checking incoming freight and express. When the mining companies threatened to close down the mines if he didn't stop spending, he told them to go ahead — he'd put every able-bodied man in Hibbing on the public payroll. The mines closed down, and he put 1011 of 1178 adults of voting age to work, doing certain jobs as maintenance of streets and sewers. Within a few months the mines were reopened and the men went back.

Mayor Power whipped everything in sight except the Hull-Rust-Mahonning. He couldn't stop the shovels from chewing up his village. Hibbing had become a peninsula, sitting on the richest chunk of iron ore in the world, and hemmed in on three sides by the devouring mine. There wasn't an argument he could think of to halt the blasting. There was nothing to do but pack, and Hibbing did, bag and baggage, and moved to a new site two miles south of the mine. Houses were sliced in two and hauled off by steam engines equipped with lugs. The village hospital was quartered and plastered back in shape. The three-story Sellers Hotel collapsed halfway to the new site, and provided enough kindling to warm

miners' shacks all winter. It was not unusual during the exodus to see a housewife hang out the family wash, with the sheets fluttering in the wind and, from her moving thresh-old, call in her brood for the noon-day meal. The whole shebang of Victor Power's public shrines went up on rollers, even to the manhole covers, woodblock paving, sewer pipes and White Way poles. It cost the Steel Corporation and the villagers \$16,000,000 to move, but everyone figured it was worth the price. Hibbing began taxing and spending again, and the operators went back to the mine.

Hibbing lives a gay life these days, with its \$4,000,000 high school and community knickknacks, but always with an anxious eye at the Hull-Rust-Mahonning. If the hole is ever scraped clean, and the tax barrel runs dry, the villagers' will be faced with a job of rehabilitation. But they look hopefully to the miniature steel mills being built along the Mesaba in which experts are experimenting with low-grade ores. There are forty to fifty billion tons of this second-grade material on the range, running 30 per cent iron. If the experiments are successful, and the companies discover how to merchandise the ore economically, Hibbing's miners will be digging for another thousand years.

► *The slaves smuggled in  
just before Emancipation.*

## THE LAST SLAVE SHIP

BY ZORA NEALE HURSTON

AT low tide the hull of the *Chlotilde* can be seen a little even now, in the marsh of Bayou Corne, in Alabama, where she was scuttled and sunk. She was the last ship to bring a cargo of "black ivory" to the United States — stealing into Mobile Bay on a sultry night in August, 1859, only two years before Abraham Lincoln was elected and only five years before Emancipation. The progeny of those last-minute slaves today still live in Alabama, mostly in the untidy clapboard village of Plateau, long also known as African Town.

They have shed their accent, and even the oldest among them, in an eagerness to be like other American Negroes, conceal differences and emphasize sameness. To strangers, especially, they will not let on that their memories of Africa are fresher than those of their neighbors. Yet the last survivor of the last boatload of black men and women who

had been set down stark naked on American soil — one who called himself Cudgo Lewis and whose tribal name was Kossula-O-Lo-Loo-Ay — did not die until 1935, at the age of ninety-five. I myself talked to him often about his early capture and the fateful voyage on the *Chlotilde*.

Only one physical symbol distinguished Plateau from any other American Negro village. That was the eight gates around Cudgo Lewis' half-acre plot — built in memory of the Takkoi home from which he had been torn as a youth of eighteen. Through those original eight gates had poured the King of Dahomey's warriors more than seventy years before, to massacre most of Cudgo's tribesmen and to start the remainder on their forced journey overseas. Before then, Cudgo — or Kossula-O-Lo-Loo-Ay — had known a happy life as a member of his peaceful Nigerian tribe.

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The people of Takkoi formed an industrious, agricultural community. They had remained on good terms with their neighbors for many years before the King of Dahomey sent the first message which was to spell their eventual doom. That message demanded tribute in the form of fruits and vegetables to be delivered regularly to the King of Dahomey.

The King of Takkoi was a fearless man. He sent back word that he had no garden produce other than what was needed for his own household. The rest, he said, belonged to his people, and he had no right to rob them for the sake of feeding Dahomey. Kossula told me that the people of Takkoi were proud of their king's courageous reply. The King of Dahomey was widely known as a powerful chieftain whose main occupation had long been the capture and sale of slaves to cross the water. He commanded huge legions who were equipped with guns and swords from Europe. He had ships, and his palaces were richly filled with foreign luxuries. His capitol at Abomey was protected by cannon.

It would seem, from the records, that the King of Dahomey was a merciful and long-suffering man. He tried to overlook the fact that other tribes refused to send him

farm products, or made malicious remarks about his person and his family. He would bear with these iniquities until urged by his generals to avenge the insults heaped upon him. Then, and only then, would he order his armies to march upon the culprits and punish them for their evil deeds.

This he did with admirable thoroughness. All who offered resistance were instantly beheaded — along with those who were too old, too young or otherwise unfit for the slave markets of America. He made sure, in this way, that their no-good breed would no longer be able to insult or abuse a merciful and patient man like the King of Dahomey.

The king's legions included not only every able-bodied man in Dahomey but also a large female army, known to the Occident as Amazons. By all accounts, these female warriors were strong, courageous and even more bloodthirsty than the men. Their generals held equal rank with the leaders of the male army. When the king sat under his state umbrella on important occasions, the male generals sat on his right and the Amazon leaders at his left.

To foster thoroughness in battle, the king paid an extra bonus for every head brought in by his sol-

diers. Travelers reported that the palace at Abomey was made of bleached skulls. The gateposts of the royal compound was a mass of skulls, and the drive leading to the palace was marked out by skulls stuck on posts. Apparently the nations and tribes of West Africa were much addicted to slander of the King of Dahomey, and to mulishness in the matter of farm produce.

## II

When the King of Takkoi's reply arrived, the Dahomey chieftain was naturally outraged. Such impudence, from so petty a kingdom, had to be punished — and the King of Dahomey waited only for the rainy season to end before dealing with this latest impertinence. But fate intervened. The King of Dahomey died.

All the other chiefs and kings sent flowery messages of condolence at news of his death. But the King of Takkoi did not believe in concealing the hatred that they all felt. He sent word that the death of the King of Dahomey was a good thing. Now, he said, the ocean was dried up, and one could see the bottom of the sea. This slur on the King of Dahomey's source of income fell harshly upon the surviv-

ing son's ears. As soon as the long period of mourning was over, he struck. It was the season for wars, anyway.

Kossula said that the blow fell just before dawn. A few people of Takkoi had already come out of doors and were on their way to the nearby fields. Suddenly there was a fiendish yelling, and then a horde of the dreaded Amazons burst through the main gate of the town. They rushed down the avenue, brandishing their broad, short blades, and seizing all who ran out to meet them. Some of the Amazons dashed into the houses and dragged out those who still remained inside. The heads of all who offered the slightest resistance fell at one stroke from the flashing blades.

Kossula said that he had just gotten up from bed when he heard the terrible cry of the Amazons. He rushed out and fled to one of the farthest gates. "I runnee to de gate, but it somebody there. I runnee to 'nodder one, but somebody there too. I runnee and I runnee, but somebody at every gate.

"One big woman, she grab hold of me and tie me. No, I can't do nothing with her. She too strong. She tie me. I cry for my mamma and papa and my brothers and sisters, and try to see where they at.

I no see 'em. I never see them no more. O Lor'! People dead everywhere with no head. Plenty like me tied. De King, he fight till they ketchee him and tie him too. They take him outside the big gate and there de King of Dahomey sit in a great big chair. He say 'bring our king before him.' Our king, he standee there and de King of Dahomey lookkee at him and lookkee. But our king, he no lookkee scared. He standee there straight up.

"De King of Dahomey say: 'I take you to Dahomey, so people can see what I do with the man who insult my father.' But our king, he say: 'I am king in Takkoi. What for I go to Dahomey? No, I no go to Dahomey.'

"Many soldiers of Dahomey stand aroundee there to watchee and do what the King of Dahomey say. He make a sign, and one soldier grabbee the right hand of our king. Another grabbee the left hand, and one she-soldier, she raisee her big knife and chop off our king head. One cut — and it off. They pickee up the head and give it to the King of Dahomey. He take it in a basket. They pick up his chair, and he go."

The captives of war were bound, and a forked stick placed around their necks. In a long line, tied

together, they began their march to Dahomey. Kossula said that Dahomey was three sleeps from Takkoi. During their march they were forced to behold the severed heads of their friends and relatives, dangling from the waistbands of the Dahomans. By the second day, the heads began to give off an offensive odor. The Dahomans stopped and smoked the heads, holding them on long sticks over a smoldering fire.

Near sundown of that second day they passed near a Dahoman village at a bend in the road. They caught sight of a great number of fresh heads raised on poles above the huts. Some huts had many heads, as a sign of the inhabitant's valor. Others had only one. Kossula remembers that they passed through the towns of Ekko, Bardrigay and Adache, and finally arrived at Whydah, only seaport of the Dahomey kingdom.

At Whydah there was a big white house near the waterfront. Behind it were the barracouns, or stockades, which the King of Dahomey had built for holding supplies of "black ivory" until sold. Captured tribes were each held in a separate barracoun, to prevent fighting. "Do for do bring black man here from Guinea," says the Jamaican proverb — which means

that fighting among themselves caused black folks to be in slavery.

Kossula and his fellow Takkoi tribesmen were placed in one barracoun by themselves. For three weeks they waited here, as fate spun the threads of their future wanderings.

### III

News of their round-up had already found its way across the oceans and into the consciousness of four men in Mobile, Alabama. The news came by way of a dispatch in the *Mobile Register* for November 9, 1858. A brief item described conditions on the West Coast of Africa, and concluded with the information: "The King of Dahomey is driving a brisk trade in slaves at from fifty to sixty dollars apiece at Whydah. Immense numbers of Negroes are collected along the coast for export."

The four men who read this news with particular attention were the Meaher brothers — Tom, Tim and Burns — and their business associate, Captain Bill Foster. They were not the kind of men to stand aloof when an exciting opportunity presented itself. The Meaher brothers had a lumber mill and shipyard three miles north of Mobile, at the mouth of the Chickasabogue (now

known as Three Mile Creek). There they built fine, fast sailing vessels for blockade-running, river trade or any other filibustering expeditions that might arise. They had just completed the *Chlotilde* for Captain Foster. She was very fast, handled beautifully, and merely awaited a proper occasion to show what she could do.

None of the four men was a Southerner. The Meaher brothers were originally from Maine, and Captain Foster had been born in Nova Scotia, of English parentage. There was a Federal law against importing additional slaves from Africa, but this was no more of an obstacle than prohibition laws in later years would be to a bootlegger. The danger might be great, but the profits were huge for men daring enough to run the blockade by both the British and American navies.

Captain Foster and the Meaher brothers were daring and able. They immediately fitted out the *Chlotilde*, hired a crew of all Northern sailors and slipped out of Mobile harbor and headed straight for Whydah and the kingdom of Dahomey. Not many days later Foster was anchored safely in the Gulf of Guinea before Whydah. Dressed in his best, and bearing presents for the native rulers, he was met on

shore by six robust black soldiers, who carried him in a hammock to the presence of one of the Dahoman princes.

The prince was tall and heavy, weighing around three hundred pounds. He was very hospitable to Foster, showing him the snake collections, Juju houses and other sacred objects of Whydah. His musicians played for Foster after dinner, and one drummer performed a solo upon a special drum which the prince called to the captain's particular attention. The skin of the drum had once belonged to a trader who had made the mistake of trying to capture his own slaves instead of buying them from the prince. Foster agreed with the prince that the drum was worth listening to.

After two or three days of ceremonial politeness, the prince was ready for business. He took Foster to the barracouns, where the captives were gathered in circles of ten men or ten women each. Foster picked out 130 of the best-looking ones and closed his deal. He was carried in a hammock back to the beach. His newly-acquired purchases, chained one behind the other, trudged after him and began piling into the boats that were to take them out to the *Chlotilde*. As they stepped into the boats,

the waiting Dahomans rushed out and snatched their garments off their backs. The captives cried out in shame and outrage, but the Dahomans shouted consolingly: "You will get clothes where you are going." Men and women alike were left entirely nude.

One hundred and sixteen of his purchases had been brought aboard, when Captain Foster suddenly noticed that the harbor seemed to come alive with activity. He climbed the riggings and was startled to see that all the Dahomey ships were flying the black flag of piracy. The Dahomans were obviously preparing to bear down on the *Chlotilde*, recapture the slaves and take Foster and his crew prisoners. The captain scrambled down hurriedly, gave orders to weigh anchor at once, and to abandon all the slaves not already on board. The Dahomey ships were almost upon her when the *Chlotilde* got under way. But her fleetness, coupled with expert handling, soon left the pursuers behind.

#### IV

Captain Foster had a pleasant and lucky voyage home. He treated his captives kindly, although the food was scarce. He gave them water with vinegar in it, to ward off

scurvy. On the thirteenth day at sea, they were taken on deck to stretch their limbs. The crew supported them and walked them about the decks until their cramped muscles were rested. "We lookee, and lookee!" said Kossula. "We see nothing but water. Whar we come (from) we not know. Whar we go, we no know neither. One day we see islands." Except for one occasion a week later — when Foster had to elude a British man-of-war on the lookout for slavers — the captives were allowed to stay on deck as much as possible.

The *Chlotilde* slipped in behind some islands in the Mississippi Sound, at the lower end of Mobile Bay, on a Thursday night in August 1859. The return trip from the Slave Coast had taken just seventy days. At Mobile the Meaher brothers were eagerly waiting for Foster.

Disposal of the cargo, naturally, had to be carried out with great secrecy and caution. The *Chlotilde* was taken directly to Twelve Mile Island, a very lonely spot. There another ship waited to take on the cargo. Some say it was the *June*, belonging to the Meahers. Others insist it was the *R. B. Taney*, named for Chief Justice Taney of Dred Scott Decision fame. In the darkness, the captives were quickly

and quietly transferred to the steamboat, taken up the Alabama River, and landed the following day at John Dabney's plantation just below Mount Vernon.

The Africans, newly clothed, were kept hidden at Dabney's plantation for eleven days. Then they were put aboard the *S. S. Commodore* and carried to Burns Meaher's plantation at the bend in the Alabama River where the Tomsbiggsbee joins it. Meaher sent word to various slave owners, and prospective buyers were led to the secret hideaway by the Negro, Dennison. Some of the captives were bought and carried to Selma, Alabama. The remaining sixty were divided between the Meahers and Captain Foster. Sixteen men and sixteen women went to Tim Meaher. Burns Meaher took five couples, and another five couples went to Foster. The remaining eight slaves were apportioned to Jim Meaher.

Thus began five years of slavery in America for the 116 black people who had journeyed from the beach at Whydah, Dahomey. Kossula-O-Lo-Loo-Ay went to Captain Tim Meaher, and was immediately put to work. "We astonish to see de mule behind de plow to pull," he said to me. His naked state upon arriving in America was



still a matter of humiliation to Kossula. Apparently the American-born slaves thought that the new arrivals always went naked in Africa. Kossula's feeling about this episode was so profound that tears came to his eyes and his voice broke when he told me of it, after more than seventy years.

Upon gaining their freedom with Emancipation, Kossula and the rest resolved to return to Africa. They worked in mills and shipyards, made baskets and grew vegetables, and saved every possible penny. But their plan proved impractical, and after a year or two they gave up their dream of going home. They bought a tract of land from Tim Meaher, instead, and settled down to life in America.

African Town was and is an orderly community. Kossula, who with the rest became converted to Christianity, tried to assure me that his Takkoi tribe were practically Christians before their capture. He would never talk to me about his native religion — which had apparently been the butt of much joking when he first came to America — but he did say by way of explanation: "We know in Africa

dat it a God, but we no know He got a Son."

Kossula was erect in his carriage even at ninety-five, and remained cheerful to the end. He felt his uprooting deeply. If I ever went to Africa, he said, I must tell his people where he was. Kossula never knew that not one survivor of Takkoi was known to be alive. Like numerous other tribes and nations of West Africa, Takkoi had disappeared from the earth, its name to be recalled only at the yearly state ceremony to celebrate the might and majesty of Dahomey — when the names of all the tribes and nations destroyed by Dahomey were called as testimony to Dahoman valor.

Two commerical travelers to the Court of Dahomey saw the skull of the King of Takkoi there on such an occasion. It was mounted in a beautiful ship model, highly ornamented and occupying a place of honor. Thus was tribute paid to the memory of a brave man. When asked about the relic's elaborate decoration, the King of Dahomey said: "It is what I would have wished if I had fallen before him. It is the due of a king."



# THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

## *More Clinical Stage Notes*

*The Strings, My Lord, Are False.*

— Little is more discouraging to the proper patriotic spirit than *The Star Spangled Banner* as currently rendered by three-fourths of the theatre orchestras. In the case of the larger orchestras in the musical show houses, things aren't so bad. But when it comes to the smaller ones, usually quartets, in the dramatic theatres, the stimulation provided is approximately equal to that of *Rock-a-bye Baby*. Standing up to the national anthem merchanted by the average quartet composed of a piano that apparently hasn't been tuned since the heyday of Grace Van Studdiford, a squealy violin, a hock-shop 'cello and a clarinet or, God wot, an accordion is hardly likely to inflame the standee, albeit a direct descendant of half a dozen of the Founding Fathers, with a great pride of country so much as with a feeling that it will be swell to sit down again and go to sleep.

This feeling overwhelms him in particular when the union gets to the slow movement, which is

usually interpreted in the lugubrious tempo of *Japanese Sandman* as dispensed by a female crooner giving out in a hospital ward. What is needed to make the anthem what it should be is some good loud brasses and, certainly, at least one good loud drum. As a public-spirited theatregoer, I herewith offer to supply such a drum to any house manager who alleges he can't afford the extra expense. What is more, I promise to get Major de Seversky, the long-distance bomber, to sit in the pit and at the proper moment give it the works.

\* \* \*

*Dat Ol' Debbil.* — Despite the groans of the moralists which never die from the wind, the American stage at this moment — and that means the American stage and not merely the New York — is cleaner than it has been for a quarter century. So far as I can gather from comprehensive statistics, there is not one single dirty play or show on view anywhere in the nation. One musical show, dealing with a bordello mistaken

for a girls' boarding school, is lightly naughty but hardly dirty in the accepted definition. One dramatic play, touring the hinterland, is cheaply vulgar but also not dirty in even the blue-nose sense of the word. Another, a farce, is risqué but not smutty; it is merely very dull. And a fourth, a straight dramatic offering, has only one scene in it that by any stretch of the imagination might be termed pornographic. The rest and the overwhelming majority are not discomfiting to even the tenderest moralistic hide.

At the time of writing there is visible on the nation's stages not even one of the classics concerned in whole or in detail with the sex frowned upon by the moralists. There are no productions of *Oedipus*, of *Lysistrata*, of *Electra*; there is none of Shakespeare's *Pericles*; there are none of Wedekind, the saucier Frenchmen, or even of such harmless things as Wilde's *Salomé* or Shaw's *Mrs. Warren's Profession*. There isn't a single play dealing with incest, Lesbianism (like *The Captive*, *Love Of Women*, *The Children's Hour* or *Wise Tomorrow* of yesterday's stage), rape (the catalogue of yesterday's exhibits would fill the page), sexual degeneracy (not even something like the *Oscar Wilde* of several seasons

back), or anything else of the kind. The only play touching on homosexuality, *Outrageous Fortune*, was so immaculate that not so much as one moralist lifted his voice against it. The only play dealing with a prostitute shown this season, *Manhattan Nocturne*, was perfectly clean; even so, it disappeared after but a few performances. The only play that went in for extensive profanity, *Get Away, Old Man*, expired after just thirteen performances. And a musical show, *Hairpin Harmony*, which dared to contain three dirty lines, folded overnight — one of the quickest musical show failures on record.

There are still some poor, pathetic strip-teasers operating outside New York but they no longer go so far in nudity as they used to. What is more, the public seems to be fed up with them and they are finding the going rocky, like the moralists. The latter have fallen upon lean days and time hangs heavy on their hands. If things keep up, they will be out of jobs very shortly and will have to go out on the streets and contract pneumonia tracking down the sellers of dirty postcards and paper-bound *Nanas*.

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*Gestures*. — Among the foolish conventions of the stage is the one

which arbitrarily imposes upon actors the necessity for making gestures. Believing that such gestures, whether they correctly suit the occasion or not, assist in giving a sense of life and movement to the scene, directors become white in the face if an actor, even in the rôle of a paralytic, keeps his hand in his pockets or at his side for so much as one or two minutes. The result is a stage which, even when it purveys the politest and most socially punctilious of comedies, frequently suggests that its characters are relatives of Potash and Perlmutter foreclosing a mortgage on a windmill.

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*Obit.* — The death of Lorenz Hart removes from our theatre one of the only two American lyric writers gifted with any slightest penetration into the human emotions. In any number of his songs Hart disclosed a sly sagacity in the matter of the peculiar quirks of people's minds and feelings. They betrayed a sharp, if wistful, knowledge of men and women in various departments. Love to him wasn't simply the business of hearts and flowers that it is to most of the other lyric fashioners; it was something slightly more hintful than that, and he seemed to appreciate its odd tremors just a little more delicately

than these others. He was far from being like many of his colleagues in their juvenile cardiac reactions to or juvenile cynical spoofings of the sentimental facets of human existence. There was an amiable critical tone to his lyrics, even when they touched the E-string of the imagination, which combined intelligence and undoubtedly experience with the gentility of their verbal melody.

\* \* \*

*Marble Alive.* — One of the best instances of what may be called inanimate acting that I have seen in the theatre occurs in the scene in Jefferson's study in the latter part of this season's production of *The Patriots*. Washington, dead, has sometime since disappeared from the action of the play. His bust, silent white, stands on a table to the left of the upper stage and is, save for a single casual reference, left to its silence. Yet throughout the entire long scene with its strong dramatic flavor that image of the man not only dominates the scene but exercises so powerful a hypnosis over the emotions of memory that it draws the spectator into and under its influence. If I were so amateurish as to use the adjective uncanny, I'd probably have recourse to it. As it is, the effect may perhaps partly

be explained by the moving performance given antecedently by the actor Humphreys as the leader in his fading days, partly to the after-image of the performance, and partly to that warm melancholy which cold, chiselled marble, or even a plaster of paris copy, so often induces in the human spirit.

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*Expurgatorius.* — I am informed that our theatre managers' first-night lists embrace thirty-three pairs of seats for the movie scouts or, in other words, those fowl whose profession is a kind of white-slavery consisting in spotting out likely faces, figures and talents and selling them down the Hollywood river. Although the maquereaux are made to pay for their seats, the managers disclose themselves in the light of men who would invite thieves into their homes for dinner and then complain when, the next day, they find the silverware gone. For no sooner does one of their stages reveal some new and gifted or perhaps only good-looking young actress than she is bribed from them by the cadets with a show of gold, and it isn't long thereafter that she is never heard of again by the old folks at home. And it's the same with promising young male actors.

The thirty-three pairs of seats bring on the average not more, and

sometimes less, to the producers than 264 dollars. Those petty 264 dollars often overnight lose them talents worth fifty times that much. It is true that, even were they to refuse such seats to the gigolos, the latter would get around to their dirty work at one time or another, unless the managers exercised the sound sense to bar them from their theatres. But it would be a comfort not to read only a day or two after a play or show opens that one or more of its valuable assets have been snatched from a theatre that badly needs them and lost maybe forever in the California red-light district of the arts.

\* \* \*

*Dignity.* — I have been delighted to observe the encomiums lately visited by the New York reviewers en masse upon the attractive dancing girl in *A Connecticut Yankee* who goes by the name of Vera-Ellen. This Vera-Ellen is something, and fully deserves all the blooms the gentlemen have heaped upon her. But that isn't the point. The point is that their freely bestowed praise indicates an applaudable progress in the craft of intelligent theatre criticism.

It was not so awfully long ago, at least in the chronology of an old fellow like myself, when the reviewers of the time would no more

have let themselves go over such a girl than they would have held themselves in over some English actor-manager who couldn't act worth a sixpence. In the punctilio obtaining in that day any excitement over a mere dancing girl, however talented and, more to the point, however beautiful, was silently condemned as being of a piece with appearing at a John Drew opening in galluses or failing to take one's shoes off upon entering the temple of Belasco. The lack of critical dignity in any such possible going overboard for a lulu was enough to scare the life out of the venerable gentlemen, who safely reserved their pulse-beatings for actresses old enough to be their mothers, provided only they looked their ages. It's good news, this new dispensation. It may not always and invariably prove that the critics are master-critics, but it at least proves that, whatever they are, they are normally human. And there was considerable doubt on that point about their aisle forebears.

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*Reading On The Stage.* — It occurs to me, after observing many thousands of plays, that I have never seen a character in any one of them who, called upon to read however briefly in a book or magazine or even newspaper, has presented him-

self in a light other than T. B. Macaulay, who, it was said, could glance at a page for a moment and digest everything on it. Worse, when a character is made to look up a quotation or passage in a book, albeit it is 1800 pages thick, he always finds it after a casual flipping of a couple of pages. The stage has made all kinds of progress in realistic detail, but it has yet to master the one in question.

\* \* \*

*Cosmetic Note.* — Some young critic with nothing better to do should start a crusade against the practice of actresses in lining their eyes, above and below, with blue make-up. The young critic will be firmly informed by the ladies, of course, that this is necessary, since otherwise the stage lighting will make their eyes look a pallid blank. This, unless the lighting is of the car-barn species, is boloney. But, even if it weren't, it is better to have the eyes fade a bit from the physiognomy than to have them stick out of it like a pair of indigo billiard balls. Not long ago I heard the hero of a play, gazing rapturously into such a pair, breathe, "Your eyes are like white swans dreaming on an azure lake." I took one look at those white swans on that azure lake and promptly got sick at my stomach.

## DOWN TO EARTH

By ALAN DEVOE

### *Lynx*

THE wild animals with which we share the earth — (if “share” be not too ironic a word for our resolute attempt at usurpation) — have reacted to our presence in a variety of ways. Certain of the defenseless ones, of course, have simply vanished in quick extirpation at our hands. The passenger pigeon

had no strength and no strategy with which to withstand our murderous acquisitiveness. Other wild things, more cunning or less shy or having in smaller degree the spirit of wild free independence, have gradually accommodated themselves to us, and let us make of them what we will: so that now the gen-



*Lynx*

*Frank Utpatel*

tle sparrow of the English hedges survives adaptedly as a dragged soot-stained parasite upon us, in the clattering canyons of New York and Chicago, and the gray squirrels are become beggarly petitioners for peanuts. A few of the animals we have been able wholly to enslave. We have broken the wild horse, and made him serve our commerce. We have made of the cow a witless machine to feed us.

Though many a wild animal has vanished forever, in our vigorous march toward domination, and though many another survives only on the terms of a dingy mendicancy, there remain wild and incorruptible ones which have in no degree surrendered. By tactical withdrawals into deeper wilderness, by the exercise of subtle cunning, and perhaps in a few cases by simply the power of their rebuking dignity, they have thus far outwitted or outfaced us. Foxes are subtly wiser in woods-ways than most of the hounds and hunters; and so they remain foxes, wild and free and persisting almost at the edges of our cities; and many a naturalist, who has seen a fox watching the deceived hounds rushing clamorously past his ingenious hiding-place, has been prepared to swear that a fox can grin. The great horned owls are fathomlessly subtle

in the darkness. Their squalling still sounds within earshot of the skyscrapers, and the newspapers still periodically chronicle how a citizen, walking a civilized street at night, has been suddenly and soundlessly beset by a buffeting of smothering wings and a raking of crooked talons . . . and has been left bleeding and terrified by an attacker who vanishes, still soundless and invisible, into the wilderness of the night. The great blue herons still wade our watercourses, even in the townships. They have survived, in a manner of speaking, by their massive obliviousness of us. They ignore that we are here. A heron stands motionless on its tall stilt legs in one of our brooks, wrapped in the grace and the withdrawn dignity of a being wholly impervious to the whole hot fuss of the human episode in planetary history; and this spirit is so communicated to even the least responsive of us, with such overmastering rebuke, that rarely is the gun raised to the shoulder.

However much of self-importance or aggressiveness or even ruthless rapacity we may have in us, there exists a part of us — a very old and deep part — which must feel a sympathy and admiration for those wild creatures that have kept their wildness and kept free. We have



hunted and hounded many a beast, and often been terrible in our uncaring. But still a part of our own hearts also belongs forever to the wilderness. We are animals ourselves. We have sold much of our freedom, traded away in a bad bargain much of our clean original animality. But a part of us (in the useful Christian symbolism) can still remember and look back to Eden. A portion of our spirit is comrade to the deer. There can scarcely live a man who, with a primal part of the psyche that can never be wholly lost however greatly it may be overlaid and obscured, is not stirred poignantly to hear a wolf-call, or to see a bounding white-tailed deer escape the hunters, or to hear in the midnight the long-drawn screaming of a lynx.

No cat is ever wholly tamed. None of the big cats is ever truly tamed at all. With that region in the depths of us which is cousinly to all feral things, we must on that account feel ever a certain admiring responsiveness to the great cat that still roams our own northern woods: the tuft-eared and silently padding lynx. The lynx has dwindled, yes. It has had to withdraw ever deeper and deeper into the lessening forests. But it has not been sent down to extinction by us. It has not

compromised with what is alien. The lynx remains — wary, quiet-footed, cat-immaculate, piercing the wilderness night with its tremendous cry — as symbol of all things wild and unadaptable and filled with savage pride.

## II

The kits of the Canada lynx are most often born in May or June, in a hidden wilderness den prepared by the mother in a hollow log or a natural opening amongst boulders. In late winter the male lynxes utter the caterwauling of their lust: a crescendo of yowls and shivering squallings that makes the partridges huddle closer in their evergreen cover and sends the rabbits scampering to crouch motionless in their snow-forms with flattened ears. About three months after the breeding, the kits are born. There are one to four of them. They are not much larger than the kittens of man's "domesticated" cat, but their eyes are open; and they can stand on their broad cushiony paws within a few hours after birth.

For some two or three months the young lynxes are sequestered in and around their secluded birth-place in the forest, suckling on rank cat-milk, later growing adept

in fastidiously tearing to pieces the fresh-killed chipmunks and woodsmice that their mother procures for them in her dozen daily miles of wary, forest-prowling and stealthy tracking. The kits' ears grow big and pointed, tipped with lynx-tufts. The faint spots and stripings of kittenhood fade. The kit lynxes become ready to be adult lynxes: great ripple-muscled cats that may attain to forty pounds, and that will be wise in running a fox across crusted snow, and will love the deep wilderness and the darkness, and hate humanity.

The young lynxes go forth into the woods with their mother (and sometimes their father), and for nearly a year they may travel as a band. There is much that a maturing lynx needs learn. No wild animal, of course, receives education in the human sense of a planned instruction, for it is the essence of animalness that action occurs by instincts, spontaneities and intuitive impulses that lie below conscious mind; but native skills are educed and perfected by parental example. The life of such a hunter as a lynx demands sure cunning.

How take a fox? Snow-time is the season for it; for then, as a young lynx finds, his great broad paws support him on the crust through which a fox's small feet

penetrate. It is possible to take a fox by the throat and rip his life out. It is serviceable to rake at his belly with cat-cunning hind legs, and disembowel him. In the winter it is even possible to take a deer. The way of a lynx is to pad after the deer in the deep-lying snow, leap for the neck, and hang on relentlessly to the floundering animal until death comes from exhaustion and the loss of blood. A caribou can be so killed. Apart from the techniques that a lynx must learn for making his rare kills of such big beasts as this, he must grow proficient in the getting of his daily staples: grouse and particularly rabbits. The latter are his commonest food . . . the relationship of preyer and preyed-upon so established that when the populace of rabbits is decimated by plague the lynxes commonly wander away from the territory to seek out new hunting-grounds. But they learn resources, too, for these times of famine: that frogs and snakes are edible, that grasshoppers will nourish for a time even the body of a great cat. A lynx, like all wholly feral things, takes on a competent self-sufficiency. It can swim a stream better than a dog can. It acquires the wisdom, when a big kill has been made, of caching part of the food against the future. To

avoid skunks, to interpret the twitching of another lynx's tail or the snarling in another lynx's throat, to leave porcupines alone except in a time of gravest famine, and then to tackle them by the subtle insertion of a paw under their bellies so that with a quick gesture they can be flipped over and their unprotected undersides exposed . . . all these things and a hundred others become as much a part of lynx-personality, by the end of the subconscious process of education, as is the lynx's ingrained and immaculate cat-habit of scratching up leaves and earth-mould to cover voided droppings.

A lynx-band breaks up when the spring comes. By then, the kits know what they must know; and early in March the family is infected by the restlessness of the breeding fever, so that brotherly and sisterly relationships cease and the lynxes are become only individual males and females. Thenceforth each goes its own way, solitary, to live a life of prowling padding through the forest for as much as fifty miles between sun and sun, screaming and miaowing to express lust or fury in the lonely night, crouching and creeping and pouncing where hare or partridge or ground-squirrel relaxes its vigilance. These things, and of course

(for it is true of all wild animals) a degree of playing. A solitary lynx, padding across the snow in the winter moonlight, has been known to stop and give a great frisking leap. In all wild hearts resides a certain primal gaiety.

Curious is the relationship of lynx to man. As the grouse are by instinct terrified of the lynx, fleeing the drifting scent of that enemy as they flee few other creatures, so does the lynx recognize us for what we are: a foe to the wilderness, boding no good for any wild cat whose home it is. To the lynx-heart, we mean the steel trap. We mean the noose-snare, evilly concealed. This being so, it were not strange if lynxes made attack upon us. But if they do, it is so rare a happening that there is hardly a record. There are, however, many records of a queerer happening:

A man travels a wilderness trail in the dark, and a lynx gets wind of him. With infinite stealth the great cat draws close, watching. It lopes along parallel to the man's trail, close to him, soundless, invisible, hour by hour, mile by mile. The lynx does not attack, no. Attack, as trappers and northern Indians have often said, would come as a blessed relief. It would dispel the fancy that the great cat is filled with a terrible amusement.

# THE LIBRARY

## *Santayana, Poet of Dissolution*

BY JOHN LAND

I FIRST heard the name of George Santayana when I was a very baffled student at a big eastern university. Our campus, for youths like me, represented less a concentration than a suspension of the mind's forces. There was one little tow-headed philosophy instructor with pale blue eyes. We called him *Il Porvello*, the Poor Little One, like St. Francis; or more often, the Poor Little White Thing.<sup>1</sup> Now I know him as a bachelor of certified charm and intelligence, the author of some carefully contrived verse and criticism. But then, to my cruelly youthful mind, he seemed an epitome of all that was wrong with higher education. He was co-author of a textbook which was required reading for all freshmen, and which was supposed to purge young minds of the dross of the real world and initiate the pliant into the mystique of culture.

This pale instructor was also the priest of Santayana, whose cult included occasional afternoon teas for those who shared the enthusiasm.

As I strove against the flatulent liberalism around me, resenting its ability to undermine my conservative values which it had nothing to replace but which I was too immature to know how to defend, George Santayana became to me, in the persons of his disciples, the symbol of the characterless American intellectual — arrogant, parochial and ineffectual.

Of course, I did not bother to read Santayana. Later, when I found the strength to repudiate the university and strike out for myself, I felt a certain kinship for Santayana because I heard that he had given up teaching as soon as he was able and that he took a rather dim view of American colleges and curricula. Much later, when I began to read Santayana, I was puzzled that a mind whose basic tensile strength was unmistakable should express itself in a prose lightly sprinkled with sugar. Even *The Last Puritan* failed to win me as completely as it won many others.

Therefore it was in a very per-

sonal way, tied in with all I have meanwhile felt, experienced and feared about our times, that I realized after reading a few chapters of his new book, *Persons and Places*,<sup>1</sup> that this first volume of Santayana's reminiscences is one of the great expressions of integrity of mind and purpose in recent American letters.

The best writing of our age has everything about it but a passionate integrity. That is its characteristic, incurable failing. But in Santayana's case, there is an integrity of Catholic suppleness and irrefragability, enriched by the deep experience of two cultures (one rock-bound, Protestant and New England, the other Catholic and Mediterranean), international yet intensely local (for most of Santayana's life has been passed in the Spanish provincial city of Avila and the American provincial capitol of Boston). It has been lent fluency by his necessity of thinking in two languages, Spanish and English, and tempered by the age's ultimate test of individualism, the discipline of preserving the classic mind, smiling and ascetic, in a world of technological uniformity. It is an integrity in which there is room for humor, for it has traveled in the world and looked upon

the Woolworth Building as well as the Dome of St. Peter's. And it has been matured by overcoming a duality of experience that was both geographic and psychic — a divided family, the alternating influences of a Spanish father and a Spanish boyhood, and a Spanish mother and a New England boyhood.

George Santayana's maternal grandfather came of a Catalan family of Reus. His forebears were not wealthy, but "dignity to the classic mind does not involve great wealth or much territory." The classic mind, however, was in for an experience from which it has never wholly recovered. "Those were unsettled and unsettling times, the repercussions of the French Revolution had not spent themselves, and emancipation of mind was sure to follow, if it had not preceded, being cast loose upon the world." Unlike most younger sons, Santayana's grandfather did not become a monk. He became a Deist. When liberal reverses forced him to flee from Spain, he drifted to "rural, republican, distinguished, Jeffersonian Virginia," where he participated in the "pure life of reason and virtue" to such effect that President Andrew Jackson presently appointed him American consul in Barcelona.

<sup>1</sup> \$2.50. Scribner's.

There he arrived with Santayana's mother, then a little girl. He might have remained there humbly and contentedly enough, but again the French Revolution took a hand. "The Arab," says Santayana, "is not ashamed of his desert where he is alone with Allah; but the pupil of the French Revolution, dreaming of multitudes all possessing a multitude of things, and of the same material things, cannot rest in a few old customs and a few simple goods." He set out with his daughter to seek his fortune in the Philippine Islands, then a Spanish possession. There he died, leaving his orphaned daughter alone on a small tropical island with a handful of Indians. She chartered a boat and was making a living at the hemp trade when her plans were upset by the arrival on her island of the man who was later to be George Santayana's father. There are proprieties even in a Rousseau-esque Eden. A young white man and woman could not remain together alone in the tropics without scandal. So Santayana's mother gave up hemp and retired to Manila.

There she met and married a young American, George Sturgis, of a great Boston commercial family. She was a Catholic. He was a Unitarian. Their marriage was not,

Santayana thinks, eugenically blessed. Their first and second boys died in infancy. Santayana's mother never recovered from the loss of her first-born.

Then George Sturgis died, and on a rebound to Spain, and for reasons which her son finds it hard to recapture, she again met the Santayana who had driven her from her tropical island, and though they were both middle-aged, married him. When their only child was born, he was named George, in honor of his mother's first husband, with his father's consent. Then Señora Santayana returned to Boston with her Sturgis children, leaving George with his father. When George was about eight he joined his mother in America.

"Unhappy compulsion!" the elder Santayana wrote to his distant wife. "Yet it was better for him to be with you than with me, and I prefer his good to my pleasure."

## II

Let no one suppose that George Santayana is so wilfully blind to the forces that are disrupting the world as were his disciples, my preceptors at college.

Not [he says at the beginning of his book] that I would nail the flag of fatalism to the mast at the beginning

of this retrospective voyage. What we call the laws of nature are hasty generalizations. . . . Yet in the turbid stream of nature there are clear stretches, and traceable currents; and it is interesting to follow the beginnings and the developments of a run here and a whirlpool there, and to watch the silent glassy volume of water slip faster and faster towards the edge of some precipice. Now my little cockle-shell and the cockle-shells of the rest of my family, and of the whole middle and upper class (except the unsinkable politicians) were being borne along more or less merrily on the surface currents of a treacherous social revolution; and the things that happened to us, and the things we did, with their pleasant and their hopeless sides, all belong to that general moral migration.

This disintegration of the most civilized classes by history is the underlying theme of *Persons and Places*, or rather it is a kind of dark chord struck occasionally to remind the reader of the flux against which the individual is building with doomed success (since the end, in any case, is death) his temporal serenity. Boston and the merchant family of the Sturgises keep turning up on the surface of that flux like bits of slag and ore in a melting cauldron.

Santayana knew Lowell "in his last phase," once shook hands with Longfellow at a garden party, and saw Dr. Holmes who was a neighbor. Otherwise, he had little contact with the Brahmanic spirit. What Santayana knew of Boston

was a story of mean streets, a pinched mean house and the decaying Sturgis family, of which the Santayanas were poor relations. Santayana "had the melancholy pleasure of watching them in their early glory and in their gradual obscurity, dispersion and decline." The most prosperous and forceful of them lost his mind. And there was Aunt Lizzie, "a tall, strong woman of fifty or more, with black hair and bushy eyebrows that met over her nose, and a bass voice, in which it was impressive to hear her tell how her brother, an unemployed clergyman with whom she had had a lawsuit, had attempted to poison her, all for the sake of the wretched pittance that remained to her." There was also Uncle Samuel, but he called only once or twice because "the dear old gentleman was not often let out from Somerville, where he resided in private apartments at the Insane Asylum." In his lucid moments, Uncle Samuel was

amiable, dignified, and even happy. Indeed, why should he not have been secretly a philosopher, saner than any of us, like Hamlet laughing at all the world and pretending to be mad in order to be free to laugh at it unmolested? But no: such complexities . . . were far from the Sturgis mind. It was straightforward, believed in what it saw, and in what sounded right. It had just enough rope to go once

round the intelligible world; to go round it twice, like a philosopher, was beyond the Sturgises.

Among the Sturgises, too, must be numbered Santayana's half-brother and his two half-sisters — especially Susana, "the greatest power, and certainly the strongest affection, in my life." It was Susana, the mixer, who took Santayana, for whom Protestant Boston was a frozen marsh, into one or two foreign Catholic households that were practically the only social contacts the children had. For their mother was sternly ungregarious. When the President of the Roxbury Plato Club invited her to join, she thanked her and excused herself. But the President of the Plato Club persisted: "Might not my mother *develop* an interest in Plato? Would she not be interested in *meeting* all those superior ladies? In what then *was* she interested?" "In winter," said Mrs. Santayana, "I try to keep warm, and in summer I try to keep cool." "Diogenes," her son adds, "could not have sent the President of the Plato Club more curtly about her business.

To Santayana's years from eight to sixteen belong also his picture of the Boston schools. His evocation of their physical and intellectual dinginess, bleakness and public

poverty has the quality of clammy breath rising in wet air on a cold day. And yet the wonder grows that out of their confines came Santayana, even though they chiefly induce in him the thought that "In solitude it is possible to love mankind; in the world, for one who knows the world, there can be nothing but secret or open war." "Perhaps," he notes in another connection, "the universe is nothing but an equilibrium of idiocies."

### III

Later Santayana escaped from New England with his Sturgis sisters into "the genuine, human, Mediterranean, non-hypocritical world," to the town of Avila, the birthplace of St. Teresa, where there was neither capitalist nor proletarian, where "the fundamental realities are still in evidence," where, from the city one could see at night "in the not too distant mountains, the shepherds' fires twinkle like nether stars." Santayana was nearly seventy before Avila "ceased to be the center of my deepest legal and affectionate ties." There, among its austere, barren mountains, battlemented walls and dark churches, he could feel that "everything profound, everything beautiful had not yet vanished from the world."



But before the great peace of Avila, Santayana had passed eleven quiet years in the Harvard Yard, as undergraduate, instructor and proctor. It is surprising to find the future philosopher of Essences a staff member of the Harvard *Lampoon* and a colleague of William Randolph Hearst. Of one of his Sturgis uncles, Santayana writes: "The world is rather sharply divided for me into the people I like and the people I don't like. Philosophy and charity counsel me to correct this caprice, and I don't theoretically build on it; but it persists in my inner feeling." It is nowhere more persistent than in Santayana's descriptions of the Harvard atmosphere.

Perhaps the essence of what Santayana really has to say about New England, Harvard and his generation is compressed into the last paragraph of his description of his fellow-freshman, Sanborn. Sanborn was a

poet of lyric and modest flights, but genuine feeling, not naturally in harmony with the over-intellectualized transcendentalism of Concord, Massachusetts, where his father was a conspicuous member of the Emersonian circle. He was a misfit, shy, ungainly, and a poor conversationalist. He was unhappy, poor, helpless. He began to drink.

The sparkle of a glass, the glitter of a smile, the magic of a touch could suddenly transport him out of this world,

with all its stubborn hindrances and dreary conventions, into the *Auberge Verte*, the green paradise of his dreams . . . His discouragement became melancholia and began to breed hallucinations. He knew only too much about madness, as everybody did in old New England, and he feared it. He cut his throat in his bath with a razor, and we buried him in Concord, in sight of the optimistic Emerson's grave, after a parlor funeral, with the corpse visible, at which his father read a few not very pertinent passages from the Upanishads and the Psalms.

Much of *Persons and Places* was written in Rome where his "cockleshell" has finally borne George Santayana as an old man to witness the physical destruction of the Mediterranean culture he loved in the military meeting of the German and United Nations' armies. This dramatic fact heightens the special quality of *Persons and Places* — the sense of the enormous calm of a consciously humble and disciplined mind describing, before its own dissolution, and in terms of its own life, the dissolution of a world which daily proves itself unworthy of being described with so much grace and sympathetic concern. For whatever he may be as a philosopher, Santayana is supremely the poet of the passing of a world that was pious, credulous, well-intentioned and childishly hopeful into a world that is technological, atheistic and hopeless.



(Continued from page 260)

THE BALTIC RIDDLE, by Gregory Meikins. \$3.00. *L. B. Fischer*. The story of Finland, Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania from the end of the First World War to the present. Written entirely from the Kremlin viewpoint, it is worthless as history but instructive as a case study in propagandist distortion. The same publishing house recently issued an amazingly sugar-coated and plum-studded biography of Litvinoff. Is this new firm competing with the communist International Publishers?

J. J. THOMSON, by Lord Rayleigh. \$6.00. *Macmillan*. An amazingly interesting biography of one of the greatest physicists and mathematicians of all time, who died in 1940 and whose ashes were appropriately rest in Westminster Abbey beside those of Newton, Darwin, Herschel, Kelvin and Rutherford. There are many good illustrations.

TARGET: GERMANY, *The Army Air Forces' Official Story of the VIII Bomber Command's First Year Over Europe*. \$1.00 in paper, \$2.00 in cloth. *Simon & Schuster* in cooperation with *Life Magazine*. More than any other war book, this one brings flying down to earth for people to whom an air raid is just a huddle of heroes and flying machines satisfactorily obliterating objectives in Germany. The intricate technological mind that governs each single raid, and each raid's rôle in the total air war against the Axis is revealed in this book in startling statistics. For example, it takes 1,500,000 man hours of labor, \$5,000,000 and 640 square yards of concrete to make an airfield for 1,000 bombing planes. It takes 60,000 highly trained specialists to launch 1,000 bombing planes, and 65,000 other men to keep the 60,000 functioning.

A SHORT HISTORY OF AMERICAN DEMOCRACY, by John D. Hicks. \$5.50. *Houghton Mifflin*. A remarkably comprehensive, clearly written and lively history of the United States from the beginning down to the battle for Tunisia in 1943. There are a great many first-rate maps, line drawings, cartoons and other illustrations. Dr. Hicks is professor of American history in the University of California. His volume has great value both as a textbook and for ready reference.

F. F. PROCTOR: VAUDEVILLE PIONEER, by William Moulton Marston and John Henry Feller. \$3.00. *Richard R. Smith*. When Mr. Proctor died in 1929 at the age of seventy-seven he was the dean of vaudeville, which was already beginning to give way to the movies. A first-rate book on him and his contribution to the amusement world would make fascinating reading, but Messrs. Marston and Feller have done an indifferent job; it is so sloppily written that at times it is barely readable.

TO ALL HANDS, *An Amphibious Adventure*, by John Mason Brown. \$2.75. *Whittlesey*. An American convoy trip to Sicily dramatically described by a former dramatic critic, now a lieutenant in the US Navy. Because "only one man out of ten on a modern combat ship can see what is going on," Rear Admiral Alan K. Kirk ordered Lieutenant Brown to do the seeing for the men below decks and to broadcast to them from hour to hour what was going on. The result is a book of vivid reporting.

LESSONS OF MY LIFE, by Lord Vansittart. \$3.00. *Knopf*. The British Permanent Undersecretary of State for Foreign Affairs from 1930 to 1938, and England's most vitriolic German-baiter, outlines his program for dealing with the Germans after the war is won. Among his chief points are unilateral disarmament, re-education of the German people and a prolonged occupation of Germany by the United Nations' forces.

**THE LIFE OF OLE BULL**, by Mortimer Smith. \$3.00. *Princeton University Press*. A lively life of the Norwegian violin virtuoso whose career was Ibsen's model for Peer Gynt. Never a first-rate fiddler, Ole Bull nevertheless managed to become one of the world's most popular musicians by playing popular music, and eschewing the classics. This book tells his story rather impartially in view of the fact that the author is Ole Bull's great-grandson-in-law.

**THE STORY OF GEORGE GERSHWIN**, by David Ewen. \$2.50. *Holt*. A tabloidish account of the life and works of Tin Pan Alley's most celebrated graduate. A fairly complete bibliography and chronology are appended. The illustrations by Graham Bernbach are of the same quality as the text.

**SPAIN**, by Salvador de Madariaga. \$4.00. *Creative Age Press*. A brilliant interpretation of one of the most important and controversial episodes in modern history—the Spanish Civil War—by the well-known Spanish writer who calls himself a “middle-of-the-road dic-hard.” Señor de Madariaga is no uncritical admirer of the Right, but he reminds the Left that it set the example for revolt against the Spanish Republic by the Asturias insurrection of 1934. He tells in detail the story of the communist corruption of the Spanish Republic which, by confounding the issues of democracy and Bolshevism, did so much to disgust the democratic powers and thereby strengthen the fascists in Europe before the Second World War. Despite its keen discernments, the book suffers from lack of documentation.

**MEN, WOMEN AND DOGS**, *A Book of Drawings*, by James Thurber. \$3.00. *Harcourt, Brace*. The first collection since 1932 of drawings by the most serious caricaturist of one of history's most serious neuroses. Mr. Thurber's drawings, which reduce the decline of the West to a gamesome, fish-mouthed female, a bald, baffled male, and a world-weary dog, scare some people, but amuse many more.

**RISE TO FOLLOW**, by Albert Spalding. \$3.50. *Holt*. This is one of the most pleasant musical autobiographies to appear in this country in years. Mr. Spalding is not merely a front-rank violinist; he is an excellent raconteur, generous, well-read, liberal in his world outlook, and gifted with a clear and ingratiating literary style as well as impeccable taste.

## FICTION

**MAINSTREAM**, by Hamilton Basso. \$2.50. *Reynal and Hitchcock*. The Southern author of seven novels about the South uses a novelist's device, the character of John Applegate, average American, as an ear into which to pour his account of the influence of neglected or forgotten but still vital, ideas developed by certain unaverage Americans. Mr. Basso succeeds best with the states' rights champion, John Calhoun, and with Abraham Lincoln. As a prose writer, Basso points out, Lincoln was the equal, if not sometimes the superior, of Mark Twain.

**TAPS FOR PRIVATE TUSSIE**, by Jesse Stuart. \$2.50. *Dutton*. Jesse Stuart's Tobacco Road winds over the humps of his West Virginia mountains. His Jeeter Lesters are named Tussie. There are Republican Tussies—and Relief Tussies who accepted the New Deal's dole. This is the story of what happened when the Government paid the Tussies \$10,000 insurance after the death of Private Kim Tussie. It is told by one of the Tussie boys. The antics are constantly hilarious, if sometimes burlesque, in the corn-likker and tobacco juice style. What makes the novel remarkable is its picture of mountain life seen through the eyes and told in the talk of a mountain boy.

**LOOK YOUR LAST**, by John Stephen Strange. \$2.00. *Doubleday, Doran*. A missing man, a news photographer and a famous world correspondent are all involved in this fast-paced story of international intrigue. Recommended.

(Continued on page 383)

## THE OPEN FORUM

### THE DOG — FRIEND OR NUISANCE?

*Mr. G. L. Wyndham's article, "Why I Hate Dogs," in the January AMERICAN MERCURY, has brought forth an avalanche of letters, pro and con, to the editorial offices. It would take almost the entire issue of the magazine to print them all — and more are coming in with every mail. Below is a fair sampling of the correspondence. We shall print more in a subsequent number.*

SIR: The article in the January issue of THE AMERICAN MERCURY entitled "Why I Hate Dogs" certainly contained a great deal of truth which should be impressed on the public to a greater degree! After pursuing a thorough study of parasitology, I have decided that dogs have no place in a human dwelling, especially where there are children. The cleanest of dogs is still a filthy creature, or at least potentially so!

The hackneyed concept of the dog being "man's best friend" seems a bit idiotic to me and I am sure to thousands of others of your readers.

DR. RAYMOND M. YOUNG  
*Medical College of the State of South Carolina,  
Charleston,  
South Carolina.*

SIR: I consider the writer of the "Why I Hate Dogs" article lower than a rattlesnake's belly. With not as much brains as the north end of a jackass that is heading south. If this is an example of a "tiniest" minority, God bless majorities.

WILLIAM S. HART  
*Newhall,  
California.*

SIR: What's the matter with Mr. G. L. Wyndham — don't dogs like him? I can think of no more scathing indictment!

MRS. V. T. HENDERSON  
*Playa del Rey,  
California.*

SIR: In gratitude, at last for a voice crying in the wilderness of dogs, I offer my services as pallbearer, for about 100,000 dog fiends, thirsting for your blood, will shortly descend upon you — unless this catches you ripped to bits already.

MARK JUSTIN DEES  
*Ventura,  
California.*

SIR: It is the sickly egotism fed by fawning and flattering dogdom that largely accounts today for the cruel urbanization of the canine family. Yet these same egotists are loud in their denunciation of Axis criminals on the score of cruelty. Cruelty is cruelty, however directed. The behavior of these so-called dog lovers definitely betrays them as sickly egotists. The vast spectacle of urbanized dogdom excites wonder and pity.

ARTHUR C. JACOBSON, M.D.  
*Brooklyn,  
New York.*

SIR: I have been waiting a long time for someone to write an article such as "Why I Hate Dogs," by G. L. Wyndham, in the January issue of THE AMERICAN MERCURY. In a footnote, the author is said to speak for a tiny minority. I think that more people than one realizes think the same as Mr. Wyndham. If more articles of this sort are written, just giving plain facts, I think more and more people will see the foolishness of worshipping

dogs and would probably pay more attention to having children and rearing them.

Don't mistake me, I am not speaking against a good watch-dog, shepherd dog, or other such useful animal. I am referring to the parlor type of parasitic dog, who dirties up our streets. And I don't like cats either.

VICTOR HARDIGAN, S <sup>1</sup>/<sub>6</sub>

*United States Navy,  
Brooklyn, N. Y.*

SIR: It is with great amazement I read that a male dog hater has the audacity to appear in print. We girls find that men who are devoted to dogs are devoted to their homes, family, and country. Men who hate dogs prove that they have sadistic natures. They generally hate women, children, and everybody but themselves. It is a most malicious form of asininity and conceit.

JEANNE G. FRANKLIN

SIR: May I add a hearty "Amen" to Mr. Wyndam's clever "dog" article? It is high time that these things be said. My only criticism is that too much onus is put on the animals instead of the "dog-worshippers", who are the real offenders. I should like to add two other types of dog addicts, who seem to me particularly objectionable. One is the childless woman, who, when she finds herself becoming less intrigued with her marriage, transfers her attentions and affections from a husband to a "pooch" or "pup." To be sure, dog-raising is considerably less trouble than child bearing and tending, so little "waggle-tail" becomes "mother's precious baby."

Another is the New York landlord, who welcomes dogs in apartments in preference to children. In many cases these dogs are allowed to run at large in public halls, ride in passenger elevators, waken tenants at early morning hours and greet tenant's visitors, tradesmen and servants with barks, growls and attacks. In one apartment building the dogs became such a menace to sleep, sanitation and safety the police were finally called to give information on the laws governing the matter. The dog owners were naturally indignant, the

superintendent horrified, and the landlord's agent pained and saddened by such a drastic and unkind step. His defense of one creature was this, "His owners are devoted to him and we certainly wouldn't want to deprive them of their pet. He is really a nice dog and he hasn't bitten you, has he?" Not *yet*, Mr. Landlord, and I'm learning to be quick on my feet.

A. R. B.

*Winter Park,  
Florida.*

SIR: I am nine years old. I have a Irish Terrier dog. I am answering your article in *MERCURY*, "Why I Hate dogs." My dog does not eat very much. We feed him scraps from the table and bones.

We live in the country on a farm, our dog has a collar and lisence. My dog is very cute and quite a pal I like him very much. He is very smart and knows a few tricks. My dog is clean and has no flea's or worms. He does not bite anyone if they don't tease and pester him he is very good natured. I do not fuss much over my dog. My dog is loyel and I don't beat him unless it is nessecsery. I have a cat to so don't write an article "Why I Hate cats." My dog's breath does not smell like a sewer.

EMILY DENNIS

*Becket,  
Massachusetts.*

SIR: About once in a dog's age we have run into dog haters in both England and America. There is something in their character we have never been able to trust. They seem to be suffering with a mental and moral form of hydrophobia. The world would be better off if we had more dogs and fewer dog haters. Dogs have proved themselves man's best friend all the world over. Can this be said of men?

F. P. WHITAKER

*New York City.*

SIR: In your first issue of 1944 there is a humiliating story. It was written by a Mr. G. L. Wyndham. This author has damned

not only dogs but a great institution in Uncle Sams army. The K9 Corps. If it wasn't for them many an American soldier would be dead.

If it wasn't for dogs people in Alaska would go without transportation, as dogs get them over snow that a horse or even a car could not travel on. (To Mr. Wyndham I hope you and your opinion land in the bottom of the East River)

JACK VANDERMAYER (age 12)

Los Angeles,  
California.

SIR: I am an aviation cadet being classified here at Nashville. We have quite a bit of leisure time; and spend a lot of it reading magazines. Most of us read your magazine and one article made our blood boil. If G. L. Wyndham, author of "Why I Hate dogs," should visit here, he wouldn't of left our barracks alive. Why do you call your magazine *THE AMERICAN MERCURY*, when you print such ridiculous, *unAmerican* stories? True, a few people might sympathize with Wyndham, but I wouldn't exactly call these people Americans! The arguments and comebacks against this article are too numerous and obvious to go into. This is the opinion of everyone I know who has read the article. It just makes us mad.

A/s J. R. GIVEN

Sqdn. F-2 N.A.A.C. (A.A.F.C.C.),  
Nashville,  
Tennessee

### IN PRAISE OF THE ARMY ENGINEER

SIR: This is not to detract from the Seabee — heaven forbid! — for he is a marvelous fellow who can do almost anything with the tools of the construction trades. But my friend William Bradford Huie's article in the January, 1944, *AMERICAN MERCURY* prompts me to say a few words for a poor fellow who apparently has no advocate: the muddy, sweaty Army Engineer.

All those things Mr. Huie says about the Seabees are true, but, understandably, Mr.

Huie is guilty of a few errors of omission. Of Attu Mr. Huie says: "On the tenth day after we got there, we had movies in a prefabricated mess hall, our cats had ripped off six feet of tundra and opened up a road system; and Fortresses could land on our steel mats." Mr. Huie neglected to mention that, while it was the Seabees who built the Navy mess hall, it was the Army Engineers (who were still eating emergency rations) who built the road system and the air strip. Mr. Huie tells about the Seabee who killed a Jap sniper. Okay, but when a thousand Japs broke through our front lines on May 29 and headed for our rear installations, it was a battalion of Army Engineers who stopped them. They killed several hundred Japs, and the spot where they killed them has been named Engineer Hill. The Seabees, through no fault of their own, were still back at the beach building the mess hall.

Adak is another case in point. Mr. Huie says: "The roadbuilders reached Adak nine months ago to find a treeless, tundra-matted mountain top jutting out of a thousand fathoms of icy water. . ." True, but those roadbuilders were a battalion of Army Engineers under the command of young Lieutenant Colonel Carlin Whitesell, who got a medal for his ingenuity in floating roads on top of tundra — on Adak the tundra is so deep that a bulldozer could scrape until 1950 without reaching hard surface.

Last summer when I was in the Aleutians somebody sent a clipping of a picture titled: "Adak Airfield — Before and After the Seabees Got There." The picture showed great mounds of mud which are characteristic of the Aleutians, then it showed a fine, steel-matted runway. The only trouble with this picture was that the Army Engineers built the airfield. I chided the Seabee publicity man about it — the Engineers had no publicity man — and he said: "I didn't do it; I swear some overzealous guy in Washington must have released that one."

The Seabee is an expert before he joins up. The Army Engineer is just an average guy named Joe who got drafted. But Joe learns,

and he, too, has accomplished some near miracles of construction, and of fighting, in this war. I just hate to see him neglected.

ROBERT SHERROD

*Washington, D. C.*

### THE BUTLER REPORT

SIR: It has been three years since the present political administration has tried as hard to drown a truth in a flood of words as effectively as it has tried to drown the report of Senator Hugh A. Butler, who reported that this nation is spending, or/and lending, some \$6,000,000,000 in Latin America.

Observe the teammates in this smear campaign. Vice President Henry A. Wallace started off the flood of words by apologizing to Latin Americans for the "slur" which he said Butler had given them. This, of course, was pure poppycock. Butler slurred, but he slurred men in Washington, not men south of the border. Then Senator Guffey, one of the New Deal's favorite hatchet-men, took up the word-battle. He attacked the Butler report by telling the Senate that Stanley High, who used to work for the Democrats, now works for the Republicans. Just what all this has to do with the Butler report is somewhat unclear. Then McKellar, of Tennessee, took up the chase.

Although McKellar's figures were taken as fairly authentic by many reporters who should have known better, it is well to keep two facts in mind about them: (1) Through a careful subterfuge, McKellar talked about our expenditures during 1941, 1942 and 1943. Senator Butler has made it plain that the three years he is talking about are 1942, 1943 and 1944. He has consistently said that much of the money is unexpended, but committed. Hence, the apparent discrepancy between him and Senator McKellar. (2) It is hardly likely that even the conspirators in this smear campaign believed one another. Just last June, Vice President Wallace, in a public report, showed clearly that McKellar, who then was acting chairman of the Appropriations Committee, either deliberately or mistakenly garbled the facts on the Board on

Economic Warfare. Wallace's reply to McKellar at that time shows clearly that Mr. McKellar is not the authoritative and meticulous figurer many reporters would now like to make him out.

I have studied Butler's report rather carefully and I have to take my stand with him. He proves beyond the shadow of a doubt to any man who can add and subtract that this nation is spending, or is committed to spend, more than \$6,000,000,000 in Latin America. He makes it clear that he does not say all this is wasted, but he cites chapter and verse about projects which he rightly points out smell a lot like imitations of the late-but-unlamented WPA, NYA and CCC. Mr. Butler asks, and not one of his tormentors has yet answered: Why can we afford to build non-defense roads in many of the twenty Latin American nations when the people, through Congress, have said we cannot build non-defense roads at home today? Why can we afford to give manpower and money to put on model farming projects south of the border when we have curtailed the FSA's "model farming" activities at home, through general consent? Why can we build airports for civilian planes in Latin America when Congress had said that we could not build civilian airports at home?

More pertinent than the figures is the portion of Mr. Butler's report dealing with the Governments of Latin America for whom we are doing all this spending. He shows clearly that, while the liberal press of this nation is debating about what Governments we shall support or not support in Europe, the same liberal press condones entrenching in power Governments in Latin America that could hardly be said to be remotely representative in the most fantastic sense of the word. While he does not mention the word, Senator Butler could well have said that we, through a so-called Good Neighbor policy, are supporting murderers who took office through illegal and sanguinary coups-d'états and who hold office in the same manner that Hitler, Stalin and other dictators retain power.

LARSTON D. FARRAR

*Washington, D. C.*





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## CHECK LIST

(Continued from page 376)

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THE MAN WHO WAS NOT THERE, by Ethel Lina White. \$2.00. *Harper*. The Seven Sullied Souls are having a reunion after seven years at the house of Sir Benjamin Watson, owner of a private zoo. Terror is skilfully brought into this tale by having the murderer use the animals as his *modus operandi*. A good chiller.

### POETRY

THE UNCONQUERABLES, by Joseph Auslander. \$1.50. *Simon and Schuster*. A collection of "salutes to the undying spirit of the Nazi-occupied countries,"—France, Czechoslovakia, Norway, Finland, Poland, Holland, Belgium, Greece, Luxembourg and Yugoslavia. The only "salute" that approaches poetry even remotely is the one addressed to France; the others are mere harangues. Interspersed with the salutes are several other verses of inferior quality.

A CHOICE OF KIPLING'S VERSE, MADE BY T. S. ELIOT, WITH AN ESSAY ON RUDYARD KIPLING. \$2.50. *Scribner's*. The eminent critic and poet here offers a handy collection of Kipling's best verse, and goes a long way, in his preface, toward re-establishing the great, neglected English writer to something like his true place as a poet.

COLLECTED LYRICS, by Edna St. Vincent Millay. \$5.00. *Harper*. The poems, which twenty-odd years ago seemed unconventional and daring, now seem traditional, youthful, highly personal, facile, and pathetic rather than tragic.

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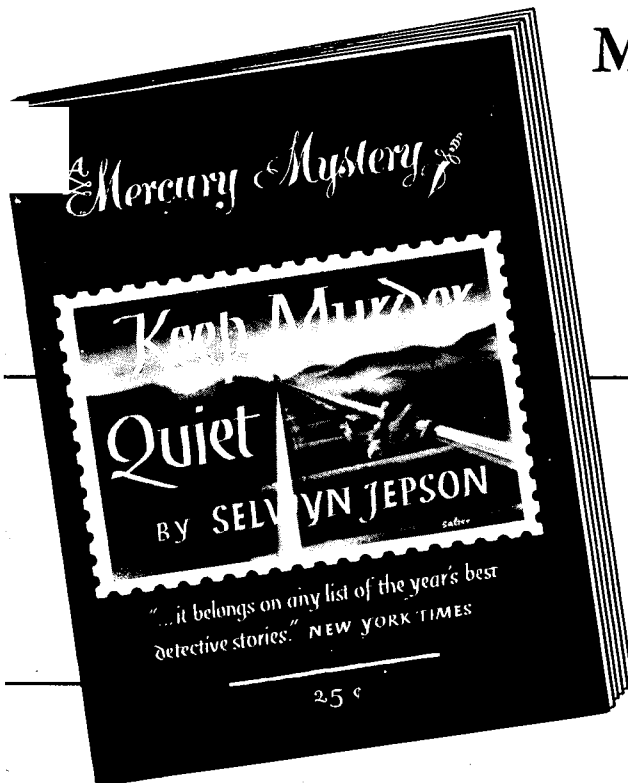
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